Saturday Review

July 3, 1965 25¢

WHAT IS "REALISM" DOING TO AMERICAN HISTORY?

By Archibald MacLeish

REPLY BY McGEORGE BUNDY

The New Island of Surtsey—Child of an Expanding Earth? (See Science)

SRB53225 309-494DEF503
BERTA HAMILTON
RO-1
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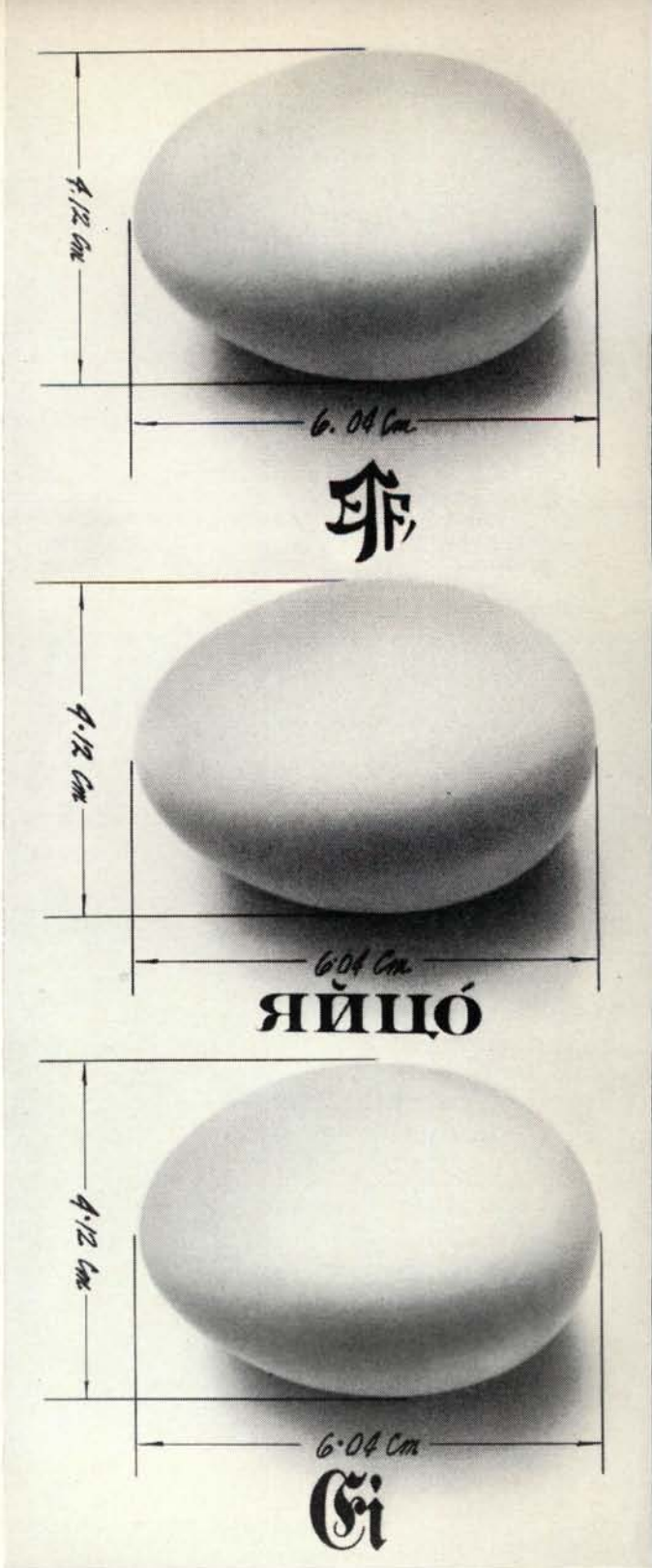
GLOBAL Do you know the first plastic product or when it was made? The billiard ball, in 1868. Today, there are over 30 plastics, some with more than 50,000 formulations. One sells for $1,000 a pound. This year, the world will use some 20 billion pounds of plastics. In this dynamic market, McGraw-Hill's MODERN PLASTICS magazine acts as a catalyst, reports on applications as new materials with new properties spawn new uses.



OVAL Designers around the world know the egg perfect—it can't be improved upon. But for other pro ucts, design engineers compete to make them bette looking, more functional. To bring our engineers th latest in international design developments, McGra Hill's PRODUCT ENGINEERING magazine sent its edito around the world. Result: a series of 23 articles analyzi the newest design philosophies from other countri

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PRACTICAL By 1970, the U.S. will need 350,000 registered nurses. But we just won't be able to train enough in that length of time. So, practical nurses, who share more and more bedside care tasks today, must be prepared to help fill this need. To assist in their education, McGraw-Hill's Blakiston Division is producing a series of textbooks. They are designed to be the foundation of a nursing curriculum in one-year schools.

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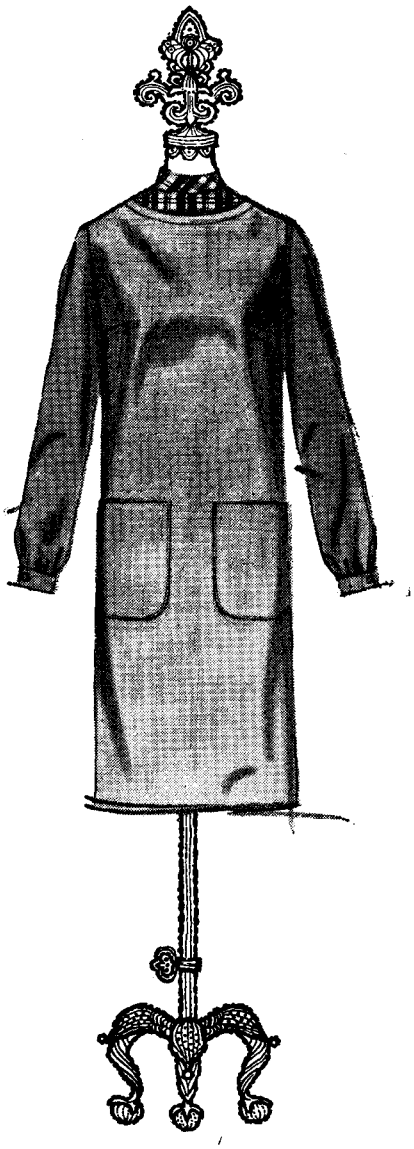
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Maidenly

The modesty of blue cotton chambray denim, long of sleeve, with a high little tuck-in top of cotton India madras. Rather like the village maid who, in the ersatz ballads, always captivated the earl's eldest son with her faithful heart and downcast eyes. (This, however, has a twinkle in its downcast eye . . . very VILLAGER®.)
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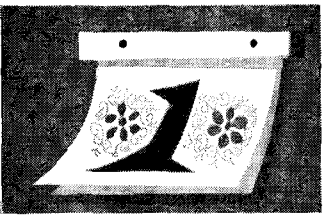
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

IT WAS big month on the arts front, and it was topped, of course, by the President's Festival of the Arts—sort of a post-Easter egghead roll on the White House lawn. First came Robert Lowell's public refusal of an invitation he had previously privately accepted; then, as if this weren't enough, half a dozen others also declined—many of whom, interestingly, hadn't been invited in the first place. Altogether, while we can't agree with Mr. Lowell that an invitation to the White House involves, in his words, a "subtle public commitment" to the President's foreign policy, we do feel that a foreign policy that involves making the Vietcong the greatest underdog since Robin Hood is, at the very least, unsubtle.

• • •

On the lighter side, we liked the story that Sybil Burton, who married the young rock-'n'-roll guitarist Jordan Christopher, couldn't go south with him right away after the marriage, but promised she would join him the next week, because that was the week Richard Burton was coming to New York and, by the terms of their divorce agreement, Richard and Sybil can't be in the same town at the same time.

This not-being-in-the-same-town-at-the-same-time idea may, now that we think of it, be the answer not only to our whole divorce problem but also, after remarriage, to the *re*-divorce problem. After all, if only half of every previous marriage can be in town at the same time, that at least cuts down the odds—and odd they are.

In no time at all, the way we see it, the whole movie colony, or rather divorce colony, will be cut down to manageable, or rather marriageable, size, and we can look forward to a day when divorce in Hollywood will be a thing of the past. Won't it be wonderful? An entirely new Beverly Hills citizenry—the Senior Marrieds. And, in Hollywood itself, right in the heart of the old town, will be the center of the Happily Married Set—Hollywood and Clinging Vine.

• • •

On the business front, as if the stock market jitters weren't enough, there was also a very disturbing bit of individual industry news. This concerned the fact that for the past several years the per capita consumption of milk, even in the face of our growing population, has been dropping. And the situation has become such that dairymen admit they are stymied about reversing the trend. Among the things that have been tried, notes financial reporter Charles Sievert, are advertisements that talk about milk as a food with "armored calories"—as compared with those foods or beverages which, they say, provide little other than "calories themselves."

Well, we say, it's a start. But is it enough? Even armored calories these days have an old-fashioned sound. What is clearly called for are armored calories equipped with nuclear vitamin heads.

Anyway, Mr. Sievert also reports, marketing sleuths have been consulted about "hypos" for increasing milk consumption. "Top Madison Avenue men," he declares, "have even addressed the American Dairy Association."

Well, that certainly sounds better—as if the situation were more in hand. In any case, among the suggestions three top Madison Avenue men have made to the Dairy Association so far are three we especially like—first, that milk should be made "more glamorous"; second, that it should be made "more socially acceptable"; and, finally, that it should be made "more sinful."

Now that's really getting somewhere. Let us take these in order. First, they make milk more glamorous, right? On, we suppose, the order of perfume ads. The perfume boys have, for example, Chanel No. 5. All right, what the malted boys should have is Frosted No. 6, or, perhaps, Malt 8. And, for something even stronger, take the perfume boys' own words—*i.e.*, "Promise her anything, but give her *milk*."

Second, as to making milk more "socially acceptable," now that ought to be easy. There's no reason to shun milk drinkers anyway. All right, they may not get your cocktail party rolling right at the beginning, but they certainly can help close it up when it's time to move on to dinner. And, on the more positive side, we can see those "socially acceptable" ads now: "Come alive! You're in the Milk Generation!" Or "Milk tastes good like good milk should."

How to make milk "more sinful?" Easy. Those ale ads. You know, "*Who* is the milkman. . . ? He could be *you*. . . ." And then, very low and sultry, "Hi, honey. I've been waiting for your call. Shall we say nine o'clock . . . at the milk bar? See you then."

• • •

French designers, having invented the bikini, are up in arms over the American topless bathing suit and, in retaliation, have come up with two new ideas of their own. One is a "newkini"—which is described as a new version of the bikini—"one that barely," as they put it, "stops short where the topless leaves off."

So much for the newkini. The other idea the French have come up with is the "inikib."

"Inikib," if you're so far out of the swim these days you haven't heard, is simply "bikini" spelled backward—and that is just what it is. "The parts of the body that were uncovered by a bikini are covered by the inikib," one fashion expert explained, "and vice versa."

And for once, we guess, *literally* vice versa. Anyway, we got to thinking of other possible startling new fashion developments—on the order of the inikib. And the first one that came to mind was "eye wodahs." Eye wodahs is, of course, "eye shadow" spelled backward. It doesn't cast a shadow over the *eye*; it casts it over the whole girl.

Then there's "denrettap esoh." Give up? Well, it's easy—it's "patterned hose," spelled backwards. It puts the patterns where they really count—*between* the patterns on the regular hose. What you have then, of course, is *all* pattern—none of that awful, plain-leg look that is evidently so irritating to the people who run the fashion business these days. Of course, to understand the success of denrettap esoh, you must realize that these people don't like anything natural—or, rather, "larutan."

Finally, don't forget the most important development—or underdevelopment, depending on how you look at it. Which is, of course, the "elttil yob kool."

You got it this time, didn't you? It's the little boy look—and it's all around these days. But the "elttil yob kool" is really much different from the little boy look spelled frontward. It turns the whole girl around and puts the back of the girl in front, and, conversely, the front of the girl in back.

The beauty of the "elttil yob kool" is that it makes all the fashions these days so much easier. Then there's no difference between the girls and the boys at all. And so, of course, the boys who will be boys can just be themselves, or larutan, and the girls who will be girls—well, they can always distinguish themselves by wearing their inikibs and denrettap esoh, with plenty of eye wodahs, and going neither forward nor backward, but sideways.

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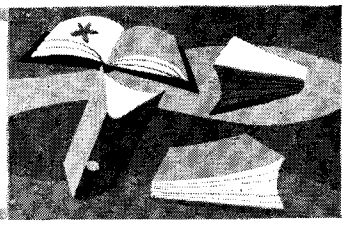
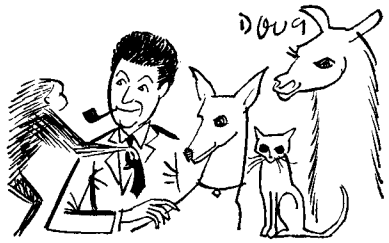
Trade Winds



If you go to the New York World's Fair, get to the Better Living Center to see Cleveland Amory's Animal Kingdom. This small-budgeted, unique, fascinating exhibit is the sleeper of this year's Fair (it broke the attendance record for



a new exhibit). It's not a zoo, not a circus, not a pet show. It consists of seventy-six live animals and some people, the idea being to show the communication between them.

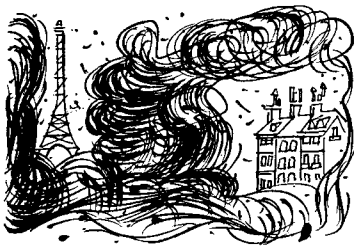
For instance, there's The Den, in which there's a coyote, a timber wolf, a husky, and a pretty girl (Elizabeth Reed is her name). There's The Peaceable Kingdom, which is a reproduction of the New York living room of Mr. and Mrs. Berne d'Essen, who live with pet llamas, kangaroos, deer, and a lot of other creatures. In The Barnyard you'll see all sorts of delightful inhabitants, among them baby donkeys, colts, piglets, and goslings.

The Animal Kingdom is sponsored by the Humane Society of the United States (of which Amory is a director) in association with The Seeing Eye, Inc. Amory told me that the Animal Kingdom is keyed to Walt Whitman's lines: "I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. . . . Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth." Whatever the lesson or the motive behind this exhibit, the people love it, sandwiched in there amidst all the steel and concrete of the big New York World's Fair. Don't miss it. It's fun.

The way Bobbs Merrill managed to latch onto the autobiography of Sukarno is said to be as follows: The word got around that the Indonesian leader had agreed to let the world in on the story of his life. However, one condition was that it be written by Sidney Adams. The publishing fraternity raced frantically around to be the first to contact this Sidney Adams, but he was nowhere to be found. Bobbs Merrill was apparently the first to figure out that the Indonesian was talking about Cindy Adams, wife of performer Joey Adams. (She had spent a lot of time in Indonesia while accompanying her husband on tour.) So it will be *Sukarno*, as told to Cindy Adams.

Parisians who lived in their city during the German occupation didn't realize the extent to which the city was mined in August 1944 when the Allies were about to recapture it. There were explosives in the bridges and buildings. The Louvre and the Arc de Triomphe were ready to blow sky-high. The St. Cloud auto tunnel under the city was filled with submarine torpedoes. As soon as Hitler gave the order, boom! A very exciting book, *Is Paris Burning?*, describes the few days in that fateful summer when one word would have leveled the beautiful city. The word actually *was* given by Hitler, but for various reasons the button wasn't pressed.

Dominique LaPierre, co-author of the book that tells why, lived in Paris at



that time. He was thirteen years old and remembers vividly what life was like in Nazi-occupied Paris. His memories became a part of the book. As soon as a version of the book was available in French, he sent a copy to his mother, who lives in Madrid, asking her what she thought of it. He received a letter soon afterward in which she said: "I have just read the last page of *Is Paris Burning?* I never realized the terrors and dangers of the times. I cannot forgive myself for keeping you in Paris under such awful circumstances. I hope it hasn't affected you, poor boy."

Anyone who is studying the penetration of beatnik slang can have this information sent me by Arch Napier of Albuquerque, New Mexico. The other day a would-be robber entered a grocery store in that city, wearing a nylon stocking stretched over his face in true modern disguise. He went to the cashier and demanded, "Gimme the bread."

The startled clerk left the register, reached for a loaf of bread, and handed it to him. The frustrated thief threw the bread down angrily and fled. A few minutes later a similarly disguised robber entered a nearby store and said, "This is a stick-up. Gimme your money." He got it. It was apparently the same guy. He had solved the communications barrier.

Sharps and Flats: I have seen the smallest book in the world. It is not much larger than a pinhead and it is published by the Toppan Printing Com-

pany of Tokyo, Japan. It is .138 inches square and the letters are .005 inches high. The contents are from the book of Genesis. A copy ten times that size has also been published, so that you can find out what's in the small one. There may be smaller books in the world than this one, but they cannot be seen.

► Stuart Friedman found the following message in a fortune cookie in Philadelphia's Chinatown (he doesn't know what it means or what it is supposed to mean): "Most of us would try to be noble, if we just had a clque we could depend on."

► Bob Sylvester tells of a sign in a New York gas station: "To keep from getting complaints about the free service, there will be no more free service."

► E. Y. Harburg, who has written the words for such shows as *Finian's Rainbow*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *Bloomer Girl*, has a book coming out soon that contains some of his Irreverent Rhymes. One, titled "History," goes:

We learn this after every war:
That life is not worth dying for.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1629)

Louise Collis:

(MEMOIRS OF A)
MEDIEVAL WOMAN

She was not a saint after all, nothing like one. But many saints have written books, whereas only one member of the medieval public has had the industry to describe for us the everyday life and vicissitudes of a mayor's extraordinary daughter.

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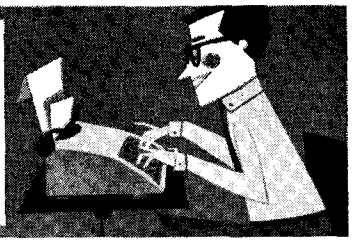
Top of My Head



It Wasn't Easy

THE Declaration of Independence was read to the Continental Congress June 28. There was a short filibuster that ran to July 3 when it was ready for adopting. It was wise old Ben Franklin who then said: "Haste makes waste. Let's hold off till tomorrow. It will be the Fourth of July weekend and folks will have more time to celebrate what we've done here."

Even getting the Declaration written took some maneuvering, and it is a tribute to the political acumen of Congressman John Adams that the thirteen colonies came to agree to declare independence. Congressman Richard Henry Lee made the motion, Adams seconded it, and in June the committee of Congressmen, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, was appointed to put it down on parchment. Then the troubles began.

Fortunately, time was of the essence because the Revolutionary War had been in full bloom for a year. The filibuster couldn't be too dragged out. But there was a great debate. And, using our present Congress as the model, it could have gone something like this:

It had all begun when Tom Paine wrote a fiery pamphlet called *Common Sense*. Button Gwinnett of Georgia rose to address the Congress:

"Why this body should even consider the writing of a man who is obviously a radical is beyond comprehension. This scurrilous pamphlet which he calls *Common Sense* is the work of a revolutionary who seeks to overthrow government and order. Common sense indeed! It is nothing but creeping democracy. From its title alone this man can be easily identified as an infiltrating Commonist.

Samuel Adams of Massachusetts immediately rose and dared Gwinnett to prove his charge. "I urge this Congress to pass this Declaration of Independence. And to show what faith I have in this great document I promise that a distinguished man of my state, John Hancock, will be the first to sign. It will end the restricted war which has raged for almost a year now in the city of Lexington in my state," concluded Mr. Adams.

Now Samuel Chase got the floor.

"What are our troops doing in Lexington in the first place?" he demanded. "We have no legal right there, no moral right. Our boys are being killed and our people are asking why. Let us withdraw our troops from Middlesex County immediately and return stability to our government and to the ideals for which it stands. We will not only lose the battles but if we continue to fight we will lose this totally unnecessary war."

Which brought Benjamin Harrison to his feet.

"I want to say that our losses in Lexington are attributable only to the utterly impossible communications setup in Massachusetts. One if by sea, two if by land, or is it vice versa? How can any army possibly remember this amateurish signal system? Or a set of bells to ring in a church tower—suppose the bells ring in a call to people for worship. Some trigger-happy deacon will accidentally start an irretrievable world conflict in which there will be no winners — only losers — and dead losers at that."

Finally a voice of quiet reason was heard. Thomas Jefferson rose to speak. His speech was short.

"I quote," Congressman Jefferson said. 'Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.' In our colonies there must be a consensus. Let us take it to the people, who, after all, are those who must strike the blow for independence."

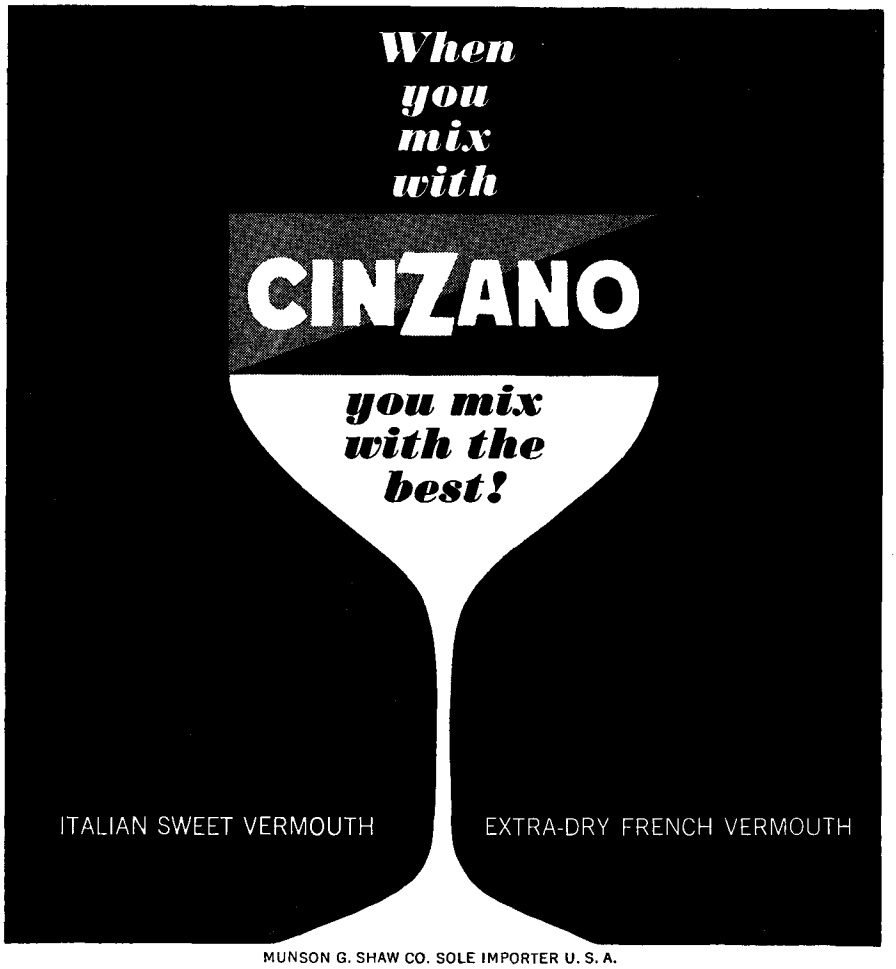
The applause from the gallery was deafening. Within an hour copies of the Declaration were spread across the roads and waysides of the thirteen colonies. The man in the street was asked his opinion of the document. He hadn't heard too much about it. He was handed a copy. He looked it over, then slowly read aloud:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . ."

He looked up—back again at the paper—down at the signatures, and said:

"John Hancock, huh? Yeah, I like that!"

—GOODMAN ACE.



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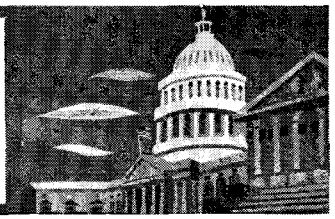
State of Affairs



Uneasy Alliance

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has been having a bit of trouble with the liberal intellectuals lately. There was a time not long ago when it was fashionable among them to praise the President; many, in fact, thought more highly of him than they had of President Kennedy. They were impressed by his liberal, progressive domestic policies and, though they flinched a little at the immodesty of "The Great Society" slogan, the more they learned about it and the more they saw how effectively he went about pursuing it, the more enthusiastic they became about the man.

Not without reason, the liberal intellectuals saw in President Johnson something of a political magician who was "getting things done," and they breathed a sigh of relief when he crushed Senator Goldwater. The assumption at the time, as one of the most astute reporters of the Washington scene put it, was that "the President sees his place in history mainly as that of an innovator in domestic affairs and this in itself encourages a drive toward disengagement where it is feasible, accommodation where it is to be had, and disarmament to the extent that withdrawals and settlements make it possible and safe."

But when what Walter Lippmann called his "pride in power" began to be used too bluntly in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, a profound change occurred.

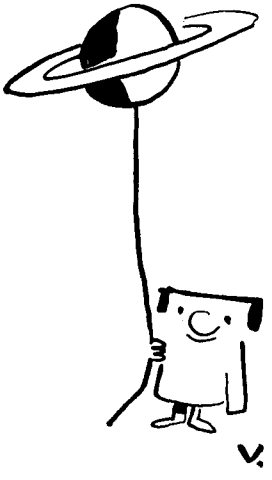
What fed the emotions of the opposition was a mixture of fear for world peace, disagreement with the interpretation of U.S. national interests, resentment at the legal and moral justifications of American foreign policy, and concern that the painfully developed *détente* with the Soviet Union was being taken too much for granted. Pacifism, too, was an ingredient of this anti-mood.

The fires of resentment were further fed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who flayed the teaching profession with rare intemperance for "gullibility" and for "talking nonsense." And not even the articulate and respected McGeorge Bundy could dampen these fires with his argument that the critics misunderstood "the hard realities of this dangerous world."

When the international book publishers converged on Washington early in June one of the questions on their minds, so many of the foreign publishers told me, was the one raised by the poet Archibald MacLeish (see page 10): Had the United States become indifferent to mankind? Had it abandoned the ideals for which it had been admired in the world and returned to the "bad old days of gunboat diplomacy"?

Meanwhile, the Administration had mounted a widespread campaign, particularly during the commencement-address period, to counteract opposition on the campuses. The malcontents represented a small minority but were vocal and shrill, and they increasingly irritated the consensus-minded President. There is no reason to think that he is anti-intellectual, even though the intellectuals are not his natural company; after all, he made ample use of them in the task forces that laid the groundwork for his Great Society. The recent Festival of the Arts at the White House helped to underline its continuing interest in the arts, but as an artistic event it could not overcome the drawback of the attempt to package the performing arts into one day, and as a gesture toward the intellectuals, if that was another aim, it got mixed up in the current mood of protest.

Robert Lowell, who had decided that he could not separate art from politics, stayed away, proving himself more tactful than John Hersey and Mark Van Doren, who abused the hospitality of the President and this occasion of the arts to criticize Johnson in his own house. One couldn't really object to Hersey's reading from *Hiroshima*—though the selection was considered by some an affront—but the implied criticism of warning in his introductory words were, to say the least, misplaced. (When Linus Pauling was invited to the White House in the Kennedy days, he made a better compromise between his conscience and good taste; during the day he picketed the Executive Mansion and in the evening joined the President for dinner.)



Perhaps one of the reasons the Johnson Administration is so concerned about criticism among the intellectuals is that on the one hand it has been at pains to show how important it considers them; and, on the other, it cannot now ignore or disavow the eggheads simply because so many of them are critical. The intellectuals, for their part, care so much because they have always felt close to the Democrats and feel somehow betrayed if that party follows policies they dislike.

Arthur Schlesinger, an intellectual sobered by his experience in government, tried before the booksellers' convention in Washington to suggest a few ground rules to guide the current debate over issues like Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. First, he argued that there should be greater respect for the limitation of words as a means of resolving issues: "If formulas could solve the problems of the world, life would be much easier; but hard problems in the real world rarely yield to the incantation of words." As an example, he used the situation in Vietnam, "where we can talk in our studies about neutralization or the Mekong River development, but so long as the Vietcong think they're going to win the war our only choices are resistance or withdrawal."

Second, he argued that there should be greater respect for the motives of others. He said he felt that both sides should acknowledge that these are problems over which men of good will can differ, that the man who wants to use force to bring Hanoi to the conference table is not necessarily an exponent of World War III, and that the man who wants to pull out is not necessarily a Communist or a coward.

Third, Professor Schlesinger asked that officials avoid what Whitman used to call "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," and that intellectuals remember that they are untrue to themselves if they appear, not as men of reason, but as carriers of an incipient hysteria.

If, in short, the suspicion about the balance between thought and decision in the policy-making process slackened, if the intellectuals applied more reason to their criticism, not only could the Marquis of Queensberry drop his eyebrow a notch but relations between the President and the intellectuals might improve. —HENRY BRANDON.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE WAR: 1941-45 (Volume V of *Men, Years—Life*), Ilya Ehrenburg; tr. from the Russian by Tatiana Shebunina and Yvonne Kapp. World, $5.95 (*SR,* June 19)—Deals brilliantly with the novelist's experiences during the Nazi invasion of the USSR and tells many things he couldn't tell before.

MAO AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, Jerome Ch'ên, Oxford University Press, $7.50 (*SR,* June 19)—Integrates available data, including what Mao has said and what others have said about him, with admirable judiciousness, to let the record speak for itself. Because the author believes that "poetry transmits the sound of the heart," he includes thirty-seven poems by Mao.

THE ANGUISH OF THE JEWS: TWENTY-THREE CENTURIES OF ANTI-SEMITISM, Edward H. Flannery. Macmillan, hardbound $6.95, paperback $1.25 (*SR,* June 19)—A Roman Catholic priest lays the blame squarely where it belongs—on avaricious monarchs, on corrupt demagogues, on ignorant peasants, and also on powerful churchmen, including influential Popes.

DARK GHETTO: DILEMMAS OF SOCIAL POWER, Kenneth B. Clark. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* June 5)—A commentary to accompany what a present-day Gustave Doré might have caught in chiaroscuro canvases of despair.

A SENSE OF LIFE, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry; tr. from the French by Adrienne Foulke; Funk & Wagnalls, $5 (*SR,* June 5)—Collects some previously unpublished writings by the pilot-poet, including his thoughts on the Spanish Civil War and on war in general.

THE AVAILABLE MAN: THE LIFE BEHIND THE MASKS OF WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING, Andrew Sinclair. Macmillan, $6.95 (*SR,* June 12)—In what is essentially an extended essay rather than a biography, the author contends that Harding's inadequacies were as much a product of American society as of the man himself.

THE RUNAGATE COURAGE, H. J. C. von Grimmelshausen; tr. from the German by Robler L. Hiller and John C. Osborne. University of Nebraska Press, $4.95 (*SR,* June 12)—A bawdy, picaresque tale of a camp follower in the Thirty Years' War that reveals the parallels between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries. It was the source of Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children.*

MARXISM AND EXISTENTIALISM, Walter Odajnyk. Anchor Paperback, 95¢ (*SR,* June 12)—Goes beyond the stated subject to propound questions of great philosophical and practical interest about the limitations and contradictions of both systems, alone or in synthesis.

THE MARXISM OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, Wilfrid Desan. Doubleday, $4.95 (*SR,* June 12)—A more detailed examination especially useful for its discussion of the intellectual antecedents of Sartre's position to be found in Descartes and Husserl.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, ed. by Robert Denoon Cumming. Random House, $7.95 (*SR,* June 12)—A copious selection from Sartre's works, arranged around his characteristic themes. In the introduction Mr. Cumming shows how the novels and plays often advance a line of inquiry that has reached an impasse in Sartre's formal philosophical speculations.

MARXISM: 100 YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A DOCTRINE, Bertram D. Wolfe. Dial, $6.95 (*SR,* June 12)—One of this country's most knowledgeable critics of Marxist and Leninist theory provides an illuminating insight into what went wrong with the Soviet experiment.

ON ESCALATION: METAPHORS AND SCENARIOS, Herman Kahn. Praeger, $6.95 (*SR,* June 26)—By forcing the reader to think about the unthinkable the author provides many clues to how the world might one day learn to exist with nuclear weaponry.

THE NEW RADICALISM IN AMERICA, 1889-1963, Christopher Lasch. Knopf, $6.95 (*SR,* June 12)—Seeks, without diminishing their achievements, to uncover the inner psychological motivations that led the post-Freudian intellectuals into their particular crusades.

O CANADA: AN AMERICAN'S NOTES ON CANADIAN CULTURE, Edmund Wilson, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* May 29)—A provocative report on a country that merits more American attention.

Fiction

THE FLAG, Robert Shaw. Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95 (*SR,* June 12)—The well-known actor tells a genuinely original story of a Christian Communist who comes from the coal mines in the 1920s to be vicar of a rural East Anglian village that contains, among other rich characters, a fashionable lady supporter, a Kiplingesque general, a supercilious Etonian, and an emotional Fabian. A book about real life and real people that becomes fully contemporary.

KNIGHTS AND DRAGONS, Elisabeth Spencer. McGraw-Hill, $3.95 (*SR,* June 26)—Subtle but fully logical characterizations make this a book that has an air of fragility but that, like a spider's web, is surprisingly strong.

VENUSBERG and **AGENTS AND PATIENTS,** Anthony Powell. Little, Brown, $4.75 (*SR,* May 15)—These two early novels are excellent examples of the author's virtuosity and subtle, deadpan humor.

ART

Exhibitions

STUART DAVIS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION, Museum of Natural History, Washington. A retrospective survey of a twentieth-century American pioneer who used brilliant, vibrating color to record the urban rhythms of this country. Closes in Washington July 5; opens at the Art Institute of Chicago July 20.

WEST BY NORTHWEST, Museum of the American Indian, New York. Ranging from 1800 to 1875, this newly acquired collection of treasures from Alaska and northern California is composed of outstanding wood, bone, and ivory carvings, plus baskets and various ceremonial objects. Represented is work from the Tlingit and Pomo tribes and the Eskimo.

THE HENRY P. MC ILHENNY COLLECTION, Philadelphia Museum of Art. This famous collection of nineteenth-century French art includes masterpieces by Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Degas, and David.

THEATER

LIVE LIKE PIGS (*SR,* June 26)—A splendid company from Boston comes to off-Broadway in a new British play about the wild mess that results when a variety of lower-class people are placed in one housing project.

HALF A SIXPENCE (*SR,* May 15)—A sunny and carefree musical comedy built around the versatile Tommy Steele.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER, REVISITED (*SR,* Apr. 17)—Taking the thirty-five Cole Porter songs least likely to be heard on Musak, Ben Bagley and five musical comedy stars have fashioned a contagiously joyous evening of camp. Also...

THE FANTASTICKS, THE KNACK, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, and, if you can get tickets, **THE ODD COUPLE, GOLDEN BOY, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF,** and **LUV.**

MOVIES

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (*SR,* June 26)—Faithful copies of twenty-five vintage 1910 planes from the U.S., Britain, France, and Italy, and an equally international cast and crew, create an affectionate bit of nostalgia. Costume designs by Osbert Lancaster and animated titles by Ronald Searle add style and humor.

CAT BALLOU (*SR,* May 15)—An often hilarious satire on Westerns and folk ballads that's at its best when Lee Marvin comes on in the role of a whisky-soaked old professional gunfighter.

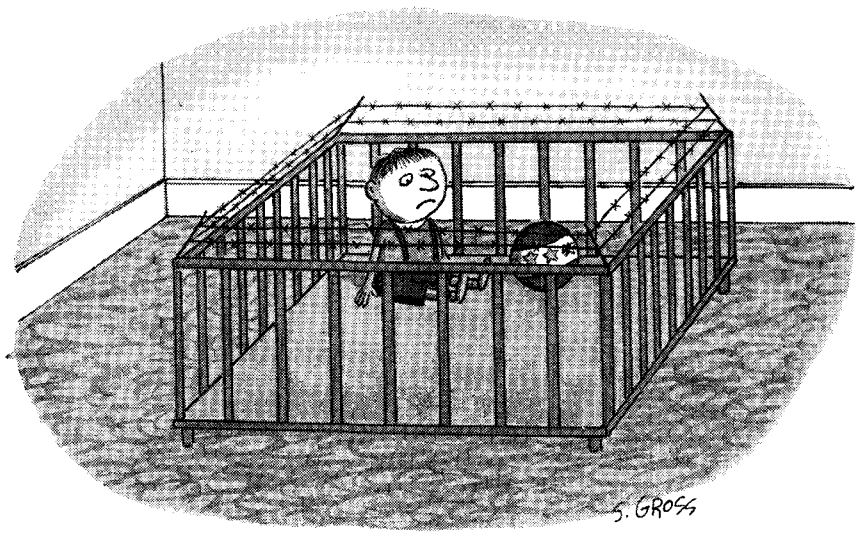
THE PAWNBROKER (*SR,* Apr. 3)—Distinguished by a remarkable performance by Rod Steiger as a former concentration camp inmate who recovers, among the prostitutes and drug addicts of Harlem, the capacity for feeling.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY IN CANADA, Ralph Greenhill. Oxford University Press, $12.50—Pictures, backed by excerpts from period books and old journals, do double duty in documenting pioneer days in photography and the scene of nineteenth-century Canada.

FORMS IN JAPAN, Yuichiro Kojiro; photos by Yukio Futagawa. Wittenborn, $15—The camera defines the classical Japanese alphabet of design, an unchanging tradition despite modern Western influences.



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Saturday Review

July 3, 1965

WHAT IS "REALISM" DOING TO AMERICAN HISTORY?

By Archibald MacLeish

WITH A REPLY BY McGEORGE BUNDY

SOMETHING NEEDS to be said about the position in which the United States has been placed in world opinion by the events of the last few weeks and months. The events themselves have been discussed at length by critics and defenders of American policy; their effect on the general attitude toward the United States of the peoples of the world is of equal if not greater importance. In its first public act after independence the American nation acknowledged "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." The reasons which moved the Continental Congress to adopt that phrase in its famous Declaration are still operative today.

What has happened in these months and weeks is simply that the conception of America—the conception, at least, which has held throughout my lifetime—has changed. I do not say that it has changed everywhere, but it has been altered certainly in the minds of many of our friends in Europe and Latin America, in the official statements of one government allied to our own, and in the actions, as well as in the words, of some at least of our own people, particularly the generation now of college age.

It is not easy to put the change into words. No man knows precisely what others think of him or of his nation. Those in my generation, for example, who fell in love with France in their youth were not in love with the same France that Frenchmen think of, and no American can even guess at what the French thought of this republic back in the days of the First World War. We were their allies, yes, and they liked us for that, though they thought we might have come a little sooner. But we were also a nation given to enormous words and lofty ideas and humanitarian theories. We had Fourteen Points on which we meant to build a League of Nations to save the world and we went up to the front talking about a war to end war—a war to make the world safe for democracy. The French didn't smile—not then at least: too many Americans died with those words in their mouths. But they had their own notion of us and they kept it. We were a young nation and we fought quite well once we got the hang of the fighting, but our thoughts were too large for our mouths; we believed too much in humanity and such abstractions as international justice and international organizations and the possibility of universal peace. It was all in Clemenceau's face as he rode beside Wilson through those yelling crowds.

And twenty-five years later, though much had changed, though the war in 1939 was a necessary war to cleanse the earth of an intolerable evil rather than a sordid commercial struggle, though our part was a greater part, though we led now and no longer followed, the conception was much the same. Again we were a nation that fought well—better perhaps. Again we died—more of us this time, many more. But still we talked in the old way about freedom—Four Freedoms this time—about human decency, about the hope for an enduring peace. And this time, when the war ended, we not only proposed an international organization; we presented a plan already hammered out in preliminary talks with our principal allies, and the plan was adopted. We were still the innocents, the idealists. We even believed, for as long as events would let us, in the good will of those on the other side of the Carpathians who had fought beside us to bring Hitler down.

So that the composite picture somehow endured. It survived Hiroshima, though not unaltered. It was enhanced by the Korean War, where the aggressor was self-confessed and where most of the nations of the United Nations were on our side. It was not harmed—if anything it was helped—by twenty years of the most persistent and abusive propaganda from Moscow and Peking; to indict a nation as an "imperialist aggressor" in a vocabulary in which "liberation" means subjugation and a "people's democracy" is a police state injures it neither in its own nor in its neighbors' eyes, if I may paraphrase Mr. Yeats.

I DO not mean to suggest that this portrait of America, composed by fifty years of history and two world wars, was wholly flattering. No nation is universally admired until time has left it 3,000 years behind, and even then there will be Alcibiades in the stern of the ship and Socrates's murderers. We had our critics—as many critics, indeed, as we had contemporaries. We were too rich. We talked in a rather childish way about brinkmanship, like two boys daring each other to walk out on a railroad trestle. Our principal exports—tourists and Coca-

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Cola—were not everywhere well received. Nevertheless, the essential figure was still the figure Wilson had presented —Wilson and that innocent doughboy of the First World War. We were on the side of the angels, however far below. We still talked in the vocabulary of the vast ideal and backed it up with enormous gifts of goods and money. And above all, though we had more power than any nation in the history of the world had ever had, we still refrained from the use of power except as a deterrent.

And then the picture changed. It changed first, or almost changed, at the Bay of Pigs, where, at the last moment, we did not use our planes. It changed four years later, first in Vietnam and then in Santo Domingo: we bombed North Vietnam and we occupied Santo Domingo with American troops. In both cases, of course, we explained our actions as preventive. We bombed North Vietnam because we believed the bombing would prevent the further invasion of South Vietnam by the Communists; we occupied Santo Domingo to forestall a Communist seizure of the Dominican Republic. But in both cases our explanations were overshadowed by our acts. What the world saw was the exercise of power: the use of American troops for the first time since the bad old days of gunboat diplomacy to impose our will on a Latin American country; the use of American bombers against a nation with which we were not at war.

With that spectacle the feel of America in the world's mind began to change. It is still changing. And not abroad alone but here as well. The famous "teach-ins" in universities across the country, where our normally silent students spent long, angry nights, were not, as the participants sometimes seemed to think, debates on foreign policy. They were searchings of the national conscience.

Now, of the rights and wrongs of these great questions, of the wisdom or unwisdom of our decisions, of the accuracy of our intelligence, of the effectiveness, in terms of their own purposes, of the measures adopted, the time has not yet come to speak. The necessary information is not available.

But what matters here is the *meaning* of our policy, not how it came to be. What matters is whether America has actually changed for its own people and for the world.

Do Vietnam and the Dominican Republic mean that we are no longer that idealistic nation of the First World War —no longer a people attached to those enormous phrases, those almost inexpressible aspirations which impose their own sometimes quixotic laws of self-restraint? Have our ways of thinking and of feeling altered? Are we "realistic" now? "Hardheaded"? Indifferent to

—*Carl Howard, Pix.*

Archibald MacLeish: "What matters is whether America has actually changed. . . ."

those opinions of mankind which our progenitors put in the first sentence of their first communication to the world?

There are men in the United States, distinguished and influential men, who think we should be—who think we have concerned ourselves too often and too long with those opinions. We have been softened, they say, by our sensitiveness to the reactions of others. We consider, not what we have to do, but what the world thinks of what we have to do. And the result is preoccupation with the opinions of others, the kind of preoccupation which the advertising industry has exploited with such humiliating consequences.

There is truth in all this, of course, too much truth for comfort. The exploitation of a decent human concern for others to bully men and women into buying mouthwash is one of the least lovely things in American life. And the corruption of language which accompanies it is another. Take, for example, the word "image," which was once a word of art employed with rigorous precision by disciplined poets who knew exactly what they meant by it. It has now become a trade term of the advertising agencies used in a muzzy, fuzzy, girlish sort of way to mean what people think of you—or more precisely what they will think if you don't use a particular deodorant or a certain soap or the brand of China policy advocated by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Nobody thinks of a man any more—only of the "image" of a man. Nobody thinks of a policy—only of the "image" of a policy. Sooner or later no one will think of the Republic either—only of the "image" of the Republic—how the United States would look in a full-page ad.

BUT it is one thing to tell the people of the United States that they should think less, collectively and individually, about their "images" and another thing altogether to tell them that the opinions of mankind should be ignored. There is no good reason why we in this country should wish to be loved for our every action, to smell sweet in every nose, but there *are* reasons why we should want the world's respect. For the world's respect is a part, and an essential part, of any nation's respect for itself.

But the question now is not whether we *ought* to be indifferent to the opinions of mankind but whether, in fact, we are—whether our actions in Vietnam and Santo Domingo indicate that we have outgrown our old concern, our old idealism and innocence of belief, our visionary streak. It is wholly possible. Nations, like men, grow harder-headed as they grow older, more skeptical of their early aspirations, and we have lived for a long time in a climate of abstract principle, of a high and noble rhetoric.

It is possible that we have changed. But I for one would doubt that it is true; I would doubt it as an American; I would doubt it even more as an American writer. There is a great deal in American life, as there is a great deal in the modern life of any country, which its

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—*Paris Match, Pictorial Parade.*

The Bay of Pigs in Cuba, 1961.

—*Wide World.*

Escalation in Vietnam, 1965.

—*Paris Match, Pictorial Parade.*

Intervention in Santo Domingo, 1965.

writers deplore. There is vulgarity everywhere. There are pockets of ignorance and hatred—and not only in the deep South. Our relations with each other lack richness and tenderness. We die without death, like modern men in other countries, after lives without living. Our cities are monstrous. Our suburbs are worse. Our countryside, one of the loveliest on earth, will be lost in another generation unless the President can save it. All this is obvious. But what is also obvious, if you look closely and listen well, is a human warmth, a human meaning that nothing has killed in almost 200 years and that nothing is likely to kill—not even the long, cold, inescapable struggle of this generation of Americans—not even the blunders they may well make in winning it.

At the darkest and most desperate moment in our history, Abraham Lincoln, on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as President of a disintegrating nation, stopped at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the small brick building where these hopes began. He had often wondered, he said, what it was that had held these states so long together in the past. Certainly it was not war—the war of independence with the mother country. There was something else, something more, and now he thought he had discovered what it was. It was something in the Declaration, he said, which had been drafted eighty-five years before within those rooms, something which promised liberty "not alone to the people of this country but also to the world . . . ," something that promised "that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men."

It was a strange thing to say, if you stop to think of it, with all that darkness on the horizon just ahead. But it was true and history proved it true. What has always held this country together is an idea—a dream if you will—a large and abstract thought of the sort the realistic and the sophisticated may reject but humankind can hold to. That idea, I think we may be certain, we will never lose because we cannot lose it and remain a nation. And the opposite is also true. As long as we remain a nation that idea will be under the portrait, the face beneath the painted face, no matter what that painted face may be.

This article was adapted from a recent address by the distinguished poet at the International Publishers Association Congress in Washington, D.C. The article on the following page, by President Johnson's able and articulate Special Assistant for National Security Affairs and former dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, is based on his extemporaneous reply to Mr. MacLeish at an IPAC luncheon in Washington sponsored by The Reader's Digest.

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The Uses of Responsibility

A Reply to Archibald MacLeish

By McGEORGE BUNDY

THE question that Archibald MacLeish raises is not directed to the particular quality or wisdom of specific present policies. His question is whether the headline events of recent months indicate some kind of fundamental change, either in the behavior of Americans or in their respect for the opinions of others. I am grateful to Mr. MacLeish for raising this question. There is no American whose honorable concern for the quality of our national and international life has been demonstrated at a greater personal sacrifice or over a longer period of time than Mr. MacLeish's. There is no friend whom I value more. There is no colleague whose expressions of concern are more deserving of attention.

Mr. MacLeish put his question this way: "Do Vietnam and the Dominican Republic mean that we are no longer that idealistic nation of the First World War—no longer a people attached to those enormous phrases, those almost inexpressible aspirations which impose their own sometimes quixotic laws of self-restraint? Have our ways of thinking and of feeling altered? Are we 'realistic' now? 'Hardheaded'? Indifferent to those opinions of mankind which our progenitors put in the first sentence of their first communication to the world?"

Mr. MacLeish believes some people think we are much too concerned about our public image, and he associates himself, as I myself would wish to do, with a certain distaste for that phrase and for the way of thinking it represents. Then he comes to a conclusion to which I will return.

Mr. MacLeish's question is understandable. In order to give it an effective answer, it seems to me, we must begin some distance back in the modern history of the United States, because the structure of our contemporary role in the world rises upon rocks that were put in place in the time of Franklin Roosevelt, in the time that followed the fall of France in that terrible spring of 1940. For it is from that moment that one must date the inescapable place of the United States as one of the great centers of power, as one of those nations inescapably drawn to difficulty and to responsibility all over the world.

My own belief is that it was Franklin Roosevelt himself who articulated, not only for his time but for the years that have followed, the three primary elements of a continuing American attitude toward world affairs. The first, and the one without which the others would not operate, was the acceptance by the United States of the responsibility of holding and using power. The great choice of 1940 was the choice to turn outward, not inward, in the face of the conquest of the continent of Europe. Since then, moments of hesitation and uncertainty have occurred, as in the period of pell-mell disarmament after 1945 and again when there was a reluctance to face a need for renewed rearmament in 1949 and early 1950. Moreover, at particular moments in particular places there have been uneasiness and uncertainty; there have been disappointments, and there have been failures. But broadly speaking the acceptance of the responsibilities of world power has existed for a generation now. There is in many, and perhaps especially among those whose concern is for ideas and ideals and those whose hope is primarily for peace and progress, a reluctance to give full weight to the role of power and its necessity in the world's affairs. And often when there is criticism or concern about a particular action from those who have these deep preoccupations, it will be because of a reluctance to recognize and to accept this element in the affairs of men.

THE second great strand in the operations of the United States in its relationship to the world dates, once again, from the time of Roosevelt. It is a commitment to peace. He was not the first to have it on his mind, but he was the first to bring into operation responsible American concern and action for the advancement of peace in the world as a whole. The reality of the American commitment to peace in his time is best symbolized by the dominant role played by American policy-makers and by American purpose in the creation and the sustaining of the organization of the United Nations. It is right to understand this country as a country of peace. It is a country built by people who came from struggle and strife in other countries, and while Americans have their own sense of power and of force, while the American tradition of battle and of warfare is strong, the aspiration of the nation, the purpose of its people, and therefore, by extension, the purpose of those who are elected by its people must be peace. What we do when there is need for force, how we act in the control and management of our power, is fairly and correctly understood, I deeply believe, only in the context of the general, sustained commitment to a goal of less war, less struggle, and above all an avoidance of the catastrophe of full-scale warfare in the age of nuclear weapons.

The third strand in Franklin Roosevelt's policy is more complex. It was an instinctive belief that the United States must concern itself with the interests of others, wherever they might be. Nothing human was foreign to Franklin Roosevelt, and as the power of the United States spread, so did his concern to see that this power was responsive to the will and purpose of people whom it reached. This was much more than simply a refusal to impose the American dream on others, more than a rejection of the notion that we could execute our policy in terms of an American century. It was, rather, an active assertion that the dreams of others must have room to come true and that American power must be responsive to that end.

Seen from afar, on the other side of an American decision which is not approved, our conviction that our policy must be responsive to the interests of others can seem no more than cant—merely the protective cover for lower interests and lesser values. And it is certainly inevitable in the conflicts of nations that there should be differences of judgment on one action or another. Yet I would reassert, as a matter of simple fact, that we Americans do accept the obligation to judge ourselves by the results of our activities in terms of the interests of others. And we take it for granted that others should apply this unusually demanding standard to us.

These three strands—an acceptance of the responsibility of power, a permanent, passionate commitment to the ideal of peace, and a readiness to judge ourselves and to be judged in terms of the effect of our behavior on others—have been a steady part of our policy now for a quarter of a century. They continue to be the main strands of our policy today. And they all relate to the basic proposition that we must accept accountability for what we do; we expect it, we ask it of ourselves, and we respect the judgment of others.

We do not expect that there will always be agreement. We used to. That is one of the elements of our earlier approach to international affairs that we

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have had to discard along the way, and in that sense, as in some others, it may well be that we are now a little more hardheaded, a little more realistic than we were at the time of the First World War. We no longer suppose that because there is cheering for Woodrow Wilson in the aftermath of an armistice, there is wholehearted concurrence with his desire to rearrange the map of Europe as he thinks best.

We do not suppose today that when we move, as we have had to move, in difficult and dangerous areas like Vietnam and the Dominican Republic there will be unanimous approval of those decisions, either. We do, however, expect to be able to defend them, to explain them, to act responsibly in carrying them out, and we expect above all to be judged in the end by the result, and to be judged not only in the terms of responsible use of our own power and the relation of that power to the general end of peace, but also in terms of the relation between what we do and the true interests of those with whom we come in contact. Each problem, in its own way, engages the three strands of our enduring responsibility. Each requires a decision to measure and to apply certain parts of the power of the United States in a situation of danger and difficulty. Each requires an awareness that the object of the exercise is peace because the object of our policy as a whole is peace. Each requires an awareness of the interests of others. So in Vietnam we have sought to have talks with the other side, thus far without response. And so in the Dominican Republic we have sought and achieved increasingly effective inter-American action under the leadership first of Secretary General Mora and now of the three-man peace-making committee. And both in Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic, there is an awareness of a need to be judged in the end by how things turn out for the people there.

Moreover, there is intense and continuing action beyond the field of military power into economic, social, and political action. It is only natural, when there is shooting or a danger of shooting anywhere in the world, that the attention of intelligent men, and above all of alert and observant reporters, should focus upon the points of danger. But it is also true in Vietnam, as it is in the Dominican Republic, that a very large part of our activity, and a part too little noticed, has gone into the slower, more wearing, less dramatic work of preventing starvation or epidemic and of creating the building blocks of social, economic, and political progress. And this again, I suggest, is consistent with our twenty-five-year record.

What produces the kind of worry and questioning that Mr. MacLeish's remarks exemplify is, of course, the special circumstance that both Vietnam and the Dominican Republic have involved judgments about the threat of Communist domination over peoples whose conquest by Communism would not only be deeply against our interests but also against their own. We run a constant risk, it seems to me, of two alternate errors, and when we get into periods of debate and of a hardening of attitude on one side or another, these risks become accentuated. One is the risk of believing that because Communism poses hard and dangerous choices, it really is not there or isn't much of a danger or would go away if we would regard it more kindly. Conversely, there are a great many people in this country and in other countries who are so preoccupied with the Communist danger that they assess any given course of action on the single scale of the degree of its anti-Communism. And they are wrong. The great episodes in the last twenty-five years, the great achievements of which we are all proud, have rested upon the more mature assessment that there is a reality to the Communist danger and that it is important to deal with that reality, but that anti-Communism alone is almost never a sufficient guide to policy.

"And to the winner we shall grant the king's esteem, the right to choose the tourney's queen, the name of champion, and a percentage of the gate."

ONE of the things that struck me in my very short stay in the Dominican Republic was the tendency of observers there—not so much diplomatic and political observers as publicists and reporters—to choose sides and to come either to the conclusion that there really wasn't a problem of Communists or to the conclusion that the only solution was to find the strongest anti-Communist and put him in charge. Either of these courses of action would, I think, miss the reality not merely of the Dominican problem but of the problem of our relation to the Communists. One of the most important elements in the making of a decision today is the necessity to conduct ourselves in such a way as not to encourage those in the Communist world who believe that adventure pays off, and to give encouragement to those who believe that there are safer and more responsible courses for Communists than open or covert aggression.

There is a problem of maturity here, a problem of realism, a problem, if you will, of being hardheaded, but it is a problem that does not lead to a single black-and-white judgment. It is very plain that when there is misery and explosiveness in the streets and in the countryside, as there has been recently

(*Continued on page 47*)

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AN ALPHABESTIARY—PART I

is for ANT.
No one knows
how many Ants have stayed busy
how many years since the first
went into busyness, but any
estimate would produce a figure
something like a one followed
by pages and pages of
zeroes.
Whatever you do with
a figure like a one, it should
be clear, certainly, that zeroes
can go on accomplishing nothing
thereafter
practically
forever.

is for BOMBERS, our national pride.
And also for BOYS who like Bombers to ride.
And also for BLESS in "God Bless Our Side."

B is for BAD (the Enemy) whom
we Bless our Boys' Bombers Bravely to Bomb.
And for BELLS we ring out when we welcome them home.

B is for BANNER, which proudly we hail.
For BLAST and for BRASS and for BURIAL-DETAIL.
And for BILLY and BUCK, who are studying BRAILLE.

is for CAMEL, a very *right* beast.
So perfectly adapted is the Camel
that it endures with equal ease
the desert griddle and the mountain glacier.
Its dense lashes keep any speck
of sand or snow from its eyes.
It stores its own water. Its great
splay feet do not sink in sand,
and they grip securely on stone
and ice. The Camel can be ridden
or pack-trained. And it is practically
tireless.
As a result of such
perfect adaptation, it provides man
with transport, water (in an emergency),
hair, milk, and (eventually) meat.

Now, children: what is a Camel right for?
and for whom? Once you have stated
your own thoughts, try to answer
from the Camel's point of view.

is for DONKEY.
What the
Camel is to the Arab, the Donkey
is to the Spaniard, though in less
detail. Sometimes
there is very little water
between one choice and another.
If *you* are given a choice
and must live with people,
try to be born a person.

is for EARWIG. Earwigs are not
imaginary in themselves but imagined
to be more than they are. There is
some such beastlet in every codification,
Law itself being made not of realities
but of secularized mythology.

Legally classified *Forficulida* and distinguishable
by its wing structure and its tail pincers,
the common European Earwig (*F. auricularia*)
was called by the Saxons *earwicga*,
which is to say "ear-beetle" or "ear worm,"
so named because it was believed
(erroneously, but when has that mattered?) to burrow
into the ears of men, producing afflictions
equal even to the effects of gossip.

It is as hard, without special instruction,
to distinguish the Earwig from related species
as it is to distinguish one defendant at law
from all others. Like most defendants, too,
the Earwig, once exonerated in legal Latin,
remains forever guilty in the mother tongue.

Be careful what names you allow to adhere to you.
Avoid going to Law. Or, when all else fails,
dig into your leaf-mold deeper than confusion.

is forever for FOX. No beast
falls so inevitably into the alphabets
of all tongues, though the letter for him
keeps changing. *Fuchs*, he is in German (which is,
of course, our own word for him before it became ours).
Volpe in Italian. *Zorra* in Spanish.
Renard in French. *Puccha* in Sanskrit.
And so on. Every time you see him
you look again and he is not there.
Or he has flicked his tail, as he does
through the alphabets, and become something else.
Every language claims his shifting name
as the word for one way of being wise.

If you covet such a reputation,
learn to create the illusion
of speaking his own language to every man
without leaving the same name on any two tongues.

—JOHN CIARDI.

(Coming next: G, H, I, and onward.)

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Saturday Review

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Making Cities Fit for People

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial, by the Vice President of the United States, discusses the proposed federal Department of Housing and Urban Development.*

ROBERT HERRICK said in the seventeenth century that great cities seldom rest: if there be none to invade from afar, they will find worse foes at home. We know those foes today. They are slums, crime, a lack of playgrounds and parks, overburdened schools, inadequate transportation, crowding, lack of clean air, and inequality of opportunity.

It was only forty-five years ago that people in American cities first began to outnumber people on our farms. By 1960 only eleven states had more rural than urban population.

But most of these states will not remain that way very long. The urban population of North Dakota, our "most rural" state in 1960, jumped 35 per cent in the 1950s. Alaska's urban population increased 150 per cent, and three other states—Arizona, Florida, and Nevada—more than doubled their urban population during this period.

By 1970 we can expect that three-fourths of our people will be living in towns, cities, and suburbs, compared to 70 per cent in 1960. Most of our people will be concentrated in metropolitan areas. At the end of 1964, two-thirds of our population lived in 219 such areas, an increase from 59 per cent in 1950. By 1980 that proportion will increase to three-fourths and by the year 2000 to four-fifths.

There have been several patterns of metropolitan growth. One has been mass migration from farm to city. One has been mass migration of Negroes out of the South—virtually all of it to central cities. Another has been mass migration of middle- and upper-income people from the core city to the suburb. And great growth has come from a higher birthrate and from longer life expectancy.

This growth has imposed new and unprecedented burdens on local government for schools, housing, streets and highways, commercial expansion, transit, and welfare programs.

In the past ten years, state and local debt has more than doubled, while federal debt has risen only 15 per cent.

State and local government employment jumped from 4,600,000 in 1953 to more than 7,000,000 employees in 1963. During the same decade, state and local public expenditures more than doubled, increasing by 132 per cent to $65 billion in 1963. Major among these were expenditures on transportation, education, highways, sanitation, and parks and recreation, with increases from 140 per cent to 165 per cent during the ten years. Interest on state and local public debt jumped by 258 per cent.

Along with these sharp rises in costs of public services and facilities, the growth of these urban areas has also created explosive racial and economic pressures.

I remember during my two terms as mayor of Minneapolis, at the close of World War II, the strains placed on our city by changing population patterns. Those strains were small compared to those today. Example: In the Minneapolis-St. Paul metropolitan area, nearly three-fourths of the people lived in 1950 within the city limits. Today those cities' populations remain constant, while population in their suburbs has more than doubled. The same pattern is common to nearly all our major metropolitan areas.

The picture is clear: There has been a shift of middle and higher income groups into the suburbs, out of the taxing jurisdictions of the inner city, while too many of the poor and disadvantaged have remained behind or moved in from the poorer rural areas.

Although the suburbs have provided cheaper land and lower-cost housing for many middle-income families, as well as for the more prosperous, they have been populated largely by those able to afford better housing. Those at or near the poverty level have remained concentrated in the slums and poorer sections of the central city. Faced with deterioration and decay, the inner city has found itself with greater tasks to undertake and with fewer ready sources of money. At the same time, the suburbanites have had their hands full creating public facilities and services in communities that were open grass fields a few years ago.

Behind the statistics and population patterns have been thousands of personal and community tragedies, many of them created by those of good intention. There are the impersonal housing projects that in many cases have displaced families and destroyed the traditional fabric of neighborhood life. There are the freeways that have torn through people's homes and businesses, cut through parkland, and done no more than add to the noise in our streets and poison in our air. There are the short-sighted zoning decisions that have blighted neighborhoods and reduced property values.

BECAUSE of these discouraging experiences, it would be easy to say that many of our metropolitan problems stem from apathetic or inept local government. In a few places this is true. But in most it is not.

I have been working, at President Johnson's request, with the nation's mayors, county officials, and city managers. Almost without exception I have found these men and women to be dedicated, competent, and deeply concerned with the problems pressing on their constituencies. Most of them have long since initiated constructive programs of their own in an attempt to keep pace with the urgencies facing their cities. But they have been fighting massive problems with dwindling resources. And they have not had any single place to turn for counsel and assistance.

One of their major difficulties, they

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tell me, is that no one federal department or agency has had either authority or responsibility to work with mayors and county officials in areas where they need most help. Our mayors and county officials have not, in many instances, been able to get advice or a rapid answer in Washington—much less federal funds.

In 1963 the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations identified over forty separate programs of aid for urban development, administered by some thirteen federal departments and agencies. Small wonder that the committee reported that "the effect of inconsistencies is felt most keenly in urban areas where programs of all kinds at all levels of government most frequently come together."

It cited particularly inconsistency and conflict between policies, or lack of them, in relocating people displaced by public activities. While a community plans for the relocation of people displaced from a renewal area, not infrequently still another public project, undertaken with federal help, displaces additional numbers with no rehousing plan—and may even eliminate some of the housing urgently needed to meet the problem.

Jet airports may be announced in residential growth areas, driving down values of homes financed with federal mortgage insurance or guarantees. A right-of-way for a federally aided highway may be purchased, cutting through an area that another agency is seeking to acquire and preserve as public parkland.

ONE test of democratic government is its ability to respond rapidly to changing conditions.

In 1953 the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was created to provide top-level federal policy and direction in meeting the human and social needs of our citizens. HEW treats, to a large degree, the *symptoms* of urban disease.

But until recently there has been no similar recognition of the need for a top-level federal department to help meet the physical and environmental problems of metropolis—in many cases the *causes* of urban disease.

Today most of the key programs having to do with urban development, improvement, and housing are lodged at a secondary level of government, in the Housing and Home Finance Agency. This independent agency was created in 1947, under President Truman, to administer the housing programs of the FHA and the Public Housing Administration as continuing peacetime activities.

Since that time all manner of programs have been added to HHFA's responsibilities, including urban renewal, urban planning, mortgage supports, public works, college housing, mass transportation, open space, and housing for the elderly. Its broad major responsibilities now cover at least ten distinct and definable areas of activity. If you add the many special programs administered under the agency, the number would more than double. Its programs today involve some type of federal support for more than $70 billion in private and public investment in housing and urban development.

About 77 per cent of this—more than $54 billion—is private-housing mortgage investment insured by the FHA. Public housing accounts for about 10 per cent—$7 billion—in capital investment by local public bodies, secured by annual contributions pledged by the federal government. Federal grants reserved or committed for renewal of our urban areas total about $4.5 billion, and loans for college housing nearly $3 billion. Lesser amounts include loan or grant commitments for such programs as housing for the elderly, public works planning and construction, open space acquisition, urban planning assistance, mass transportation, and mortgage financing support for G.I. home loans.

The Housing and Home Finance Agency was never intended to fill its present job. It is a loosely knit instrument. According to law, three of its officials are appointed by the President and report directly to him. In a legislative sense, at least, there is no one official in command.

When the President meets with his Cabinet he cannot find out what or how the federal government is doing overall in assisting towns, cities, and metropolitan areas. The agency most concerned with these areas is not even represented at the Cabinet table.

In the past several years much has been done through executive cooperation and coordination to mesh various urban-related problems throughout government. Glaring conflicts have been avoided. But this has been done the hard way, through bits and pieces of agreements and consultations among officials and staff at many levels, in many agencies.

Ad hoc committees and inter-staff memoranda are no substitute for executive decision and direction.

In 1961 President Kennedy became the first President to propose creation of a Cabinet-level department of urban affairs. Committees of both the Senate and the House of Representatives reported the bill favorably, but it did not reach the floor in time for action at that session of Congress. When the proposal was resubmitted in 1962 as a Reorganization Plan, it failed to receive House approval. Much of the opposition expressed, as the record shows, was based on misconception of what the plan would do or considerations unrelated to the merit of the proposal.

Today the reasons advanced for opposing a new Department are: that it would be too costly; that it would mean federal domination over local communities and states; that it would benefit only the large cities; that the government is already too big, and this department would make it bigger.

I disagree with these contentions.

THE Department bill would authorize no increase in expenditures; instead, it would simply mean that the government's money would be better spent. It would add no authority to the federal government it does not now exercise. It is important to the larger cities but, if anything, even more so to the smaller communities less able to cope with their growth problems—indeed, the great proportion of communities using these programs are small towns, down to the village level. And the argument against "big government" gives no consideration to the fact that the country and its urban needs and problems are far bigger than we were able to foresee even a decade ago.

The needs of our urban areas have not diminished; they have become more pressing. President Johnson's proposal for a Department of Housing and Urban Development must be considered in this knowledge.

The President seeks from Congress the authority to bring good management to federal responsibilties in our metropolitan areas. He asks for coordinated direction of these activities by a single government department. And he asks for a place at the Cabinet table for the head of that department.

The bill itself says in part that the Department of Housing and Urban Development shall undertake "maximum coordination of the various federal activities which have a major effect upon urban, suburban, or metropolitan development," and "the solution of problems of housing and urban development through state, county, town, village, or other local and private action, including promotion of interstate, regional and metropolitan cooperation."

Are our metropolitan areas important enough to merit top-level consideration in the federal government?

The answer is certainly yes.

We have long since given Cabinet status to our national concern for our natural resources, our agriculture, our trade and commerce, our labor force, and the social health and educational needs of our citizens.

Surely our cities and metropolitan areas—where three-quarters of us live—are worthy of the same attention.

—HUBERT H. HUMPHREY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Report from Santo Domingo

I WISH TO EXPRESS my appreciation for the frank and honest editorial by James F. Fixx on the Dominican Republic [*SR*, June 12]. This is perhaps the first article in any national publication to provide such a truthful evaluation of the situation and a critical appraisal of American policy. . . . Perhaps it would be advisable to send Mr. Fixx to Vietnam for a few weeks.

BILL KORNRICH.

Waltham, Mass.

IN HIS REPORT on Santo Domingo, Mr. Fixx, like many other Monday-morning quarterbacks, overlooks one ingredient that had to be injected into the revolt. That ingredient came when our President undertook the most important and first order of business in such emergencies: the saving of lives. We acted, first, in the interests of humanity and then talked. Too much is being made of the assertions that our intelligence was not accurate in terms of the number of Communists, as well as plain adventurers looking for sensation and action, who had infiltrated the rebels. It has been the technique of Communism from the beginning to have others do their fighting, while they wait in the wings and emerge to take over. If our intervention prevented this, then it was worth it, all criticism to the contrary notwithstanding. . . .

ABE SHEFFERMAN.

Washington, D.C.

MAY I CLARIFY two points that appeared in James F. Fixx's perceptive and accurate article? My role in the release of the eight captured Americans was that of a messenger between the rebel forces, who were willing to turn them over, and the OAS, which in its peacekeeping role was willing to accept them. My reason for being in rebel headquarters at this and all other times was to discuss relief needs and insure the freedom of movement for Peace Corps Volunteers and staff who were going about their work in all parts of the city. That I was entrusted by the rebels to make arrangements with the OAS for the prisoner turnover on this and other occasions reflects the universal high regard and reputation for nonpolitical work that the Peace Corps has earned in the Dominican Republic.

This nonpolitical role of the volunteers and staff during the Dominican crisis is in keeping with the established traditions of the Peace Corps. Therefore Mr. Fixx's statement about my driving from a rebel press conference to the U.S. Embassy to give a report contains the possibly confusing inference that the Peace Corps performs such reporting functions. Quite the contrary is the case. At no time did Peace Corps Volunteers or staff report to the embassy except to coordinate relief efforts with the ambassador's representative as well as the representatives of the International Development Agency (AID Mission). My normal work that day did take me to the embassy; the ambassador was aware that there had been a press conference and that I had been in rebel territory; we did discuss some of the public statements made in this press conference (which were of course carried in U.S. papers the same day).

I think it is important to point out that in addition to the Peace Corps Volunteers who were working with their Dominican counterparts and members of the Dominican Red Cross, there were also American and Canadian missionaries, a group of Canadian nurses, doctors from Argentina, and nurses and medical specialists from Venezuela, Panama, Mexico, and Colombia. I feel extremely fortunate to have been able to serve with such a group of dedicated and valiant people.

BOB SATIN,
Peace Corps Director,
Dominican Republic.

Santo Domingo, D.R.

"Well, I don't see why you can't be the conscience of humanity part time and write potboilers in between."

Cars and Causes

WE REGRET THAT the special section on "The Fouling of the American Environment" [*SR*, May 22] did not acknowledge the automobile industry's extensive and productive efforts to control emissions from motor vehicles.

Unfortunately, your writers did not attempt to talk with representatives of our industry or to gain firsthand knowledge of the industry's programs. Had they done so, they would have discovered that industry scientists and engineers have worked closely with state and federal investigators of vehicle emission problems for more than a dozen years, and have pioneered in most of the research on vehicle emissions.

An industry research team was the first to discover that crankcase blowby gases were an important source of vehicle emissions and that blowby could be virtually eliminated by low-cost crankcase ventilating systems. In 1959, before any legislation on this subject was introduced, the industry announced that it would install these devices on all 1960-model cars sold in California. . . .

Your writers also would have profited from reading the testimony presented by industry officials to the Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution in Detroit on April 7, 1965. Commenting on the industry's twelve-year program of research and development on vehicle emissions, Harry A. Williams, managing director of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, stated: "I want to emphasize that the vehicle manufacturers stand ready to pass on the benefit of their extensive research knowledge nationally for the public whenever Congress concludes from its studies that the facts warrant. The vehicle manufacturers have recognized their obligations fully, and acknowledge also the responsibilities which the Congress has in this matter."

The automobile manufacturers are continuing their studies of the many complex problems involved in reducing vehicle emissions. They will continue to report their findings and also to work closely with state and federal agencies to find better ways of reducing vehicle emissions at reasonable cost to the public.

DONALD P. O'CONNOR,
Director of Public Relations,
Automobile Manufacturers Association.

Detroit, Mich.

. . . DO WE IN NEW YORK have to outlaw all private cars from the island of Manhattan? Or is there another answer? I say do it, whatever it is. . . .

MRS. JACK C. GRAY.

Port Washington, N.Y.

I READ AS FAR into "The Fouling of the American Environment" as I could before anger and shame and tears blocked my vision.

SAM SHEARER, JR.

Huron, O.

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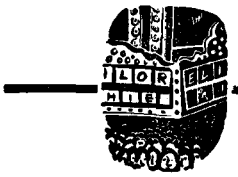

What Fools These Mortals Be

FROM MY own private and admittedly unscientific researches, Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* would seem to be one of those best-sellers that everybody buys but nobody reads—or at least finishes. It rests for a while, fat and resplendent in its unsullied jacket, a conversation piece in the parlors of America; then, when the new Book-of-the-Month selection arrives, it is removed to the guest room, still unsullied, still unread. Perhaps one day a man will come to dinner, break his leg, and have the time to wend his way through its tortuous pages. Until then, Stanley Kramer's star-laden production, based upon the book, affords an attractive alternative. "Based upon the book" is used advisedly, for Abby Mann, its adapter, freely confesses that he departed widely from the original, deleting, changing, combining, and adding characters, and often replacing incidents in the book with those of his own invention. "To make the picture," Mann said recently, "I didn't feel I had to be true to anything about the novel except its theme and its intentions."

There is nothing either egotistic or high-handed in his attitude; it stems rather from a basic understanding that he is dealing with two different media. "The film must be able to stand on its own as a movie, not as a faithful transcription of a work that was conceived in other terms and gains its effect through different means," he points out. "I spent over a year writing this script, and it was the toughest assignment I have ever undertaken. I could have made it a lot easier on myself by just sticking to the characters and the scenes that were in the original. I won't pretend to say how good my own work is, but I do know that unless I—or somebody else—had made these changes, nobody would even look at the movie. It would be too long, too many people, too little action. What I have tried to do, what I have *had* to do, is recreate Miss Porter's story in terms of the screen." Mann broke into a wry grin. "But this didn't stop some critics," he noted, "from praising Miss Porter for certain scenes that weren't in the book at all. In a way, it's kind of gratifying."

What should be even more gratifying to him is the realization that from an unwieldy and uncinematic book he has carved a first-rate screenplay, and that producer-director Stanley Kramer has brought his *Ship of Fools* to port precisely as Mann intended—as a thoroughly engrossing, often exciting, thought-provoking piece of entertainment. For Kramer, who has often been accused of turning out "message" pictures, this is a special achievement. While there is nothing wrong with "messages" *per se*, the temptation to deliver them through two-dimensional characters in contrived situations is one that he has not always resisted in the past. Nor has directorial subtlety been his strongest claim to fame. In this new film, however, given at least a dozen characters of depth and substance, he manages to sustain not only a high level of interest in all of them throughout, but also to suggest that, like icebergs, there is considerably more to them than shows on the surface. This is a new Stanley Kramer, not hitting each scene head-on or underscoring every significant statement. He has become more oblique, more willing to imply, and more deft in cutting quickly to another sequence, another character, before the scene has fully played itself out.

It is a style that proves altogether appropriate to the material he is handling, for the *Vera*, the perhaps symbolically titled ship of fools, is loaded to the gunwales with passengers flung together by fate, whose cumulative destiny is the theme of his picture. To center the camera on any one of them would be almost as grievous an error as to depersonalize everybody. Instead, Kramer focuses in on his people at a crucial, telling moment in their lives, fixing them indelibly for the audience.Then he cuts away abruptly to someone else, and to someone else, and to someone else again. The cumulative effect makes for compelling drama. As the camera whips us back and forth from one affecting story to another, from the delusions of one character to the illusions of another, the whole idea of the picture comes clear: It is not stupidity that has made these people fools, but hope—hope without foundation in reality or fact. And love, the sense of belonging to someone or something, can be the most treacherous delusion of all. What men must have, this picture seems to say, is a sense of our interdependence as we move toward our common destiny.

This theme is illuminated in many ways. There is Herr Rieber (José Ferrer), a Nazi returning to his homeland on the eve of Hitler's accession to power, firm in his belief in the new order. There is Lowenthal (Heinz Ruehmann), a Jew but a German first, convinced that Germany's anti-Semitism is but a passing phase. There is Tenny (Lee Marvin), a ball player past his prime, still hoping to assert his prowess through shipboard pick-ups; and Mary Treadwell (Vivien Leigh), also past her prime, but seeking the reassurance that can come from turning on and turning off casual affairs. David (George Segal) and Jenny (Elizabeth Ashley) are lovers, making the voyage in separate cabins to discover if they have anything more than sex going for them. Freytag (Alf Kjellin) is a German separated from his Jewish wife; he is returning home, unable to live with his conscience, hoping to effect a reconciliation. There is, most touching of all, Schumann (Oskar Werner), the ship's doctor, who almost finds a purpose for his wasted life in his hopeless love for a drug-ridden deportee (Simone Signoret). And there is Glocken (Michael Dunn),

(*Continued on page* 47)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ARMS AND THE NOVEL

The characters in these novels fill a dozen military and naval ranks, from private up to general. Frank S. Winoski, Jr., and Arthur L. Devlin of Norfolk, Massachusetts, command you to assign each man to his correct outfit. Pick up your medals on page 45.

1. Private Henry Fleming	( ) *Billy Budd*
2. Corporal Robert E. Lee Prewitt	( ) *The Caine Mutiny*
3. Sergeant Matthew Croft	( ) *Catch-22*
4. Master's Mate Fletcher Christian	( ) *The Cruel Sea*
5. Ensign Willie Keith	( ) *A Farewell to Arms*
6. Sub-Lieutenant Gordon Percival Ferraby, RNVR	( ) *From Here to Eternity*
7. Lieutenant Frederic Henry	( ) *Mutiny on the Bounty*
8. Captain Edward Fairfax Vere	( ) *The Naked and the Dead*
9. Major Major Major	( ) *Oliver Wiswell*
10. Commander Edward J. Richardson	( ) *The Red Badge of Courage*
11. Colonel John Harris Cruger	( ) *Run Silent, Run Deep*
12. General James Mattoon Scott	( ) *Seven Days in May*

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Come to Carefree Korea

DESPITE THE nation's embroilment in the Orient, to say nary a word of Asia's own problems, two of the most active groups of travel promoters, both American-sponsored, will have held their annual conventions in the Far East before the year is out. The American Society of Travel Agents, which annually holds a self-styled World Travel Congress, frequently with as many as 2,500 of the faithful in the pews, will open its proceedings this September in Hong Kong, the first time the meeting has ever been held in Asia. An earlier shivaree, staged by the Pacific Area Travel Association, a group with headquarters in San Francisco and members strung in a wide arc from Alaska to India, chose, of all places, the sylvan dells of the Republic of Korea for its meeting.

The choice of a convention site has always had a heavy influence on the subsequent travel patterns of America's tourists. For one thing, it focuses the industry's attention on the travel attractions of the area, and in the specific case of the annual meeting of the American Society of Travel Agents it exposes parts of the world, under the most favorable circumstances and at the least possible personal cost, to huge masses of specialists who influence the public and eventually write the tickets.

It seems to have mattered very little this year that India is growling at Pakistan, that Pakistan is growling at India, and that Shastri is growling at us. Nor is it of much moment that Burma is closed unless you want to go there on a twenty-four-hour visa, that Cambodia has broken off relations with the United States, that Americans are no longer welcome in Indonesia, and that Sukarno has found a new diversion in hating Malaya. And then there is Vietnam.

Despite the open show of hostility in so many places, there is still plenty to see, as *SR* will expostulate in an early fall issue. The countries of the Far East that are not mad at anyone, and some of those that are, are nonetheless very eager to welcome American tourists. Campaigns to attract them are being launched in the most unlikely places. Thus it was that I found myself in Seoul earlier this year, attending the meeting of the Pacific Area Travel Association and inspecting the glories of Korea. There is, to come right down to it, hardly enough I can say about the Korean people as hosts, and very little I can say about Korea as some undiscovered Shangri-la. Indeed, I was surprised to learn, sitting next to Mr. Edwin K. Hastings, on the two-hour JAL flight from Tokyo, that Korea was a regular stop for enterprising tourists who explored the East in the Twenties and Thirties. Now a Hilton executive in the Pacific, Mr. Hastings was in those days a dashing tour conductor on the five-month, round-the-world cruises that were offered by the leading steamship companies. From Peking, Harbin, and Mukden, the ships would anchor off what is now Inchon and passengers would be lightered to shore. From there a train would take them in an hour's time to Seoul, and a ricksha would take them to the hotel. It being during the period of Japan's occupation of Korea, the hotels were operated by the Japanese government railway system. Guests had lunch at the Chosun or the Bando, and Hastings would help them pick out the huge Korean chests that would then be carted off to the train and eventually hauled back on the ship for ultimate deposit in New York. Many cruise passengers would elect to take the six-hour train trip from Seoul to Pusan, crossing the straits to Japan, catching up with the liner again at Yokohama.

KOREA, of course, or at least the south of it, is now free and independent, but any visitor who made the world tour thirty years ago might find some familiar traces today. For one thing, the Bando and the Chosun are still the leading hotels in Seoul. Now forty-six years old, which is not exactly new as hotels go, the Bando has undergone some refurbishings to keep it more or less up to the times. It has a snack shop with stools, and the restaurant grill in the basement, the day I looked in, was offering roast Tom turkey, chocolate éclairs, and peach shortcake, a gastronomic influence, I gather, of these recent American years. A Sky Lounge on the tenth floor is glass-enclosed against the hard Korean winter. A summer terrace functions outside. Those who come for cocktails can look off to Duk Soo Palace, to the Greek columns of the National Museum, and next door to the thirteen-story New Korea Hotel, which is supposed to open late this summer.

The Bando and the Chosun are separated only by a garden, part of the grounds of the small palace of So Kong Dong. Even though the Chosun bears the 3,000-year-old name for Korea, which means Land of the Morning Calm, the hotel was built by the Japanese soon after they arrived in 1910. Using royal grounds for a hotel, one suspects, was part of the effort to obliterate traces of the monarchy. A pagoda still standing in the garden is supposed to date back to 1614, but it hardly looks its age and is probably a restoration. The Shihy trees in the garden are said to be 400 years old, and the hotel, eager to establish the long heritage of the land, points out that Taejo, the founder of the Yi dynasty, the last Kingdom of Korea, performed sacrificial rites for the gods of heaven and earth under these trees.

THE Bando with its brass bannisters and marble floors, and the Chosun with its huge porcelain stoves, dark-paneled walls, lace curtains, potted palms, and carved ceilings, are relics of an ancient day rarely seen in good repair in these times. But Korea manages to make do with very little, and the halls and walls and railings gleam with polish and care. The management recognizes that in the Orient many hotels have become a sort of comfortable barracks for the battalions who are airborne from far corners to do their shopping. Between the hotels it has built a subterranean arcade filled with stalls. In a bid to match Hong Kong, the Bond Street tailors will make up suits in four to five days, charging an average of less than fifty dollars. Splendid Korean fabrics are used—worsted flannels, gabardines, silk and mohair, silk and wool, and silk and Dacron, many of which it exports to the United States. The latest styles it imports from that wellspring of sartorial splendor, Philadelphia.

Perhaps the most artistic assortment of artifacts of one sort or another has been assembled at Soo's Gallery in the Arcade. It includes rubbings from Yung Ji, taken from the 1,300-year-old temple of the Silla Dynasty, some modern wooden bowls similar to teak, and a wooden fruit tray with petals of teak extending from a brass center. I was especially fascinated with a modern jewelbox of unusual design employing ivory handles, inlaid patches of mother-of-pearl, and several kinds of rare wood. It won the grand prix at Ewha University and was being offered at $100.

Korean celedon is among the most prized, or so I am told by fanciers of rare ceramics. Sam Ihn Sa offered an 800-year-old inlaid wine cup of chrysanthemum design for $250, a gourd-shaped wine pot from the same Koryo Dynasty for the same price. Jugs embossed with the ginseng leaf design could be brought home by anyone who wanted to leave $700, and another $100 would buy a specimen of red-hued Kimhae design, so called after the ancient capital of Kimhae during the Kaya kingdom, which preceded the Silla Dynasty. In a word,

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about 500 years old. Techniques for celedon came from the Seung Dynasty, but the Koreans say that their celedon is better. Celedon was made only for a few hundred years and the art that produced that specific gray and blue color mixed with green died in the fourteenth century.

An art that has been practiced even longer is the growing of ginseng, a root widely believed to prolong life and impart vigor and youthful vitality, in short a Korean Geritol that is said to make blood, aid in digestion, act as stimulant, analgesic, sedative, and what have you. A flyer on the subject, put out by the government monopoly, says it also helps urinary problems, counteracts too much sugar, and is a sexual tonic. According to one Dr. B. K. Minh, a professor at Seoul National University, "it was made clear that a white mouse to which ginseng extract is given showed about 22 per cent more weight increase and had about three days more resistance to hunger compared with that of no ginseng and was remarkable in the stimulant and prime adulterous actions."

A stall selling ginseng has been set up in the Bando-Chosun Arcade, and it places on the market, as soon as they come from the laboratories, every new form of ginseng. Instant ginseng tea is a new development, and so is the ginseng pill which is specifically said to aid those who suffer from, and I quote, "loss of appetite, digestive disturbances, tiredness, headaches, loss of vigor, sexual weakness, anemia, diabetes, vomiturition, dizziness, chilly constitution, irregular blood circulation, and other debilities following diseases, pregnancy and alcoholic, etc." Why Korea bothers training doctors, what with ginseng in strong supply, I hardly know.

One day I was served ginseng wine as part of a typical meal offered tourists in Korea House, a typical Korean building in the compound once used by General Van Fleet. It tasted not like wine at all, but rather like a bitters that, considering the flavor, *had* to be good for you. My Korean companion forsook anything so strong, preferring instead a barley tea, a weak brew that tastes like warm water. We ate a root called *toraji*, which looks like a curlicued carrot, and, of course, *kim chee*, the peppery cabbage that has been shredded, boiled, and, as far as I could determine, sprinkled copiously with gunpowder.

There was also *bolgogi*, a roasted beef, fried shrimp, and fried peppers. The grand effort was *shinsulro*, a soup pot with a cone of burning charcoal in the center. Various oddments were adrift in the moat, in this case identifiable as bits of fish, pumpkin, and potato.

Lacking anything as elaborate as, say Versailles, or as imposing as Angkor, Seoul shows its visitors through the Chang Duk Palace, a rusty old relic built as an auxiliary royal residence by King Taejong, third king of the Yi Dynasty, in the fourth year of his reign, which happened to be 1404. It was destroyed by the Japanese in 1592 and restored by the fifteenth king of the Yi Dynasty in 1609 and then used as a main palace from 1615 until 1910, when the country was annexed to Japan. Thirteen kings used the palace over a period of 300 years.

All through its history Korea has been bullied by its neighbors. The Mongols invaded it in 1231, the Japanese in 1592, the Manchus in 1627. Then the Japanese and the Chinese went to war near the end of the nineteenth century over the control of Korea. When the Chinese were defeated, Japan again sought control. When they were blocked by the Korean queen, the Japanese minister had the queen murdered and the king taken into custody. A year later the king broke out of custody and took sanctuary in the Russian embassy, ruling his people from there. Japan invaded Korea and occupied it until the end of World War II, when the Russians marched in from the north and Americans came in from the south. The U.N. attempted a national election, but they found the Russian zone blocked to them. In five years the northern half was effectively Communized and in 1950 the northern troops invaded the south, starting a war that lasted for three years.

CONCENTRATION of American troops remains heavy in Korea, and visits can be arranged to Panmunjon, where American, South Korean, and North Korean troops still face each other across the border and still hold regular meetings. Some of the old American names of the war of the early Fifties come to life at a large resort outside of Seoul called Walker Hill. It is named for General Walton Walker, the Eighth Army commander killed in Korea. The other five hotels, spread over the large complex, are named Douglas, Maxwell, Lyman, Matthew, and James, after other Eighth Army commanders, MacArthur, Taylor, Lemnitzer, Ridgway, and Van Fleet. There are also thirteen villas that can be rented, but these are named for such Oriental treasures as pearl, jade, sapphire, and emerald.

The Walker Hill Resort was dedicated in December 1962 amid a flurry of scandal and a shower of outcry from American mothers. It was built for the pleasure of the U.N. forces who had been spending their furloughs in Japan. The original concept included slot machines, roulette wheels, nightclubs, and, so it was claimed or at least rumored, available women. The U.S. commanders warned the Koreans that the whole 160-acre park would be placed off limits if it catered to such unwholesome pleasures. Gambling was abandoned, but the nightclubs were allowed to flourish. It is hard to get an official line on the matter of girls. There were plenty of them in the bars the week the Pacific Area Travel Association was in businesslike assembly.

Walker Hill cost $5,000,000, and it was opened in April 1963 with the help of Louis Armstrong, who charged $6,000 a night. He was engaged for two full weeks. Walker Hill became the center of a political crisis that sent its originator, General Kim Chong Pil, then thirty-five and second man in the ruling junta, to Europe in exile. A number of lesser lights went to jail for illegal use of army troops as a labor force and evasion of customs duties. All of that has been put aside now in favor of a more pressing problem: what to do with the place. Besides the hotel rooms, it has swimming pools, tennis courts, archery ranges, bowling alleys, Turkish baths, and a nightclub with a revolving and elevating stage. U.N. troops who use Walker Hill for leaves are assigned to Matthew House, where they pay $2.50 a night. Tourists, if any, pay about $8 a night for a single room, a tariff that includes the recent 30 per cent increase in rates. Walker Hill is ten miles from town over dusty roads, a journey that can be negotiated by high-flying taxi for about seventy cents, U.S. That's an attraction right there. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Repertory's Rising Requirements

EACH SUMMER there seem to be more and more theaters offering a repertory of classical plays. The chart below lists the productions scheduled this summer at some of these theaters. And, as usual, Shakespeare continues to dominate, perhaps because the public feels that any play by Shakespeare is bound to be a more edifying experience than any play by another author. However, a number of Shakespeare festivals have recently ventured into including non-Shakespearean items, for which they deserve the profuse gratitude of drama critics who can hardly relish reviewing their twenty-fifth *Hamlet*, or even their eighth *Coriolanus*.

One answer, of course, is to present the least-produced plays of Shakespeare, and Joseph Papp's selection of *Love's Labour's Lost* as his first Central Park offering is a happy one. Under Gerald Freedman's direction, the play unrolls charmingly and wittily. Ming Cho Lee's lovely green settings suggest the lush pleasures of court life, and Theoni V. Aldredge's simple yet elegant costumes complete the feast. Richard Jordan's Berowne, Joseph Bova's Costard, John Pleshette's Moth, and Rae Allen's Rosaline are the most memorable of the performances in a generally excellent cast. Yet there is something missing. The actors have relied too much on pleasing the eye, and have not made Shakespeare's words important enough to command our concentration through his extended artificial plot. Perhaps Mr. Papp should follow the example of the Minnesota and the APA companies and correct this shortcoming with a special speech program. For the New York Shakespeare Festival's *Love's Labour's Lost* is a delight that must constantly overcome our ears' disinterest.

Name and Location	Plays	Dates
AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE & ACADEMY Stratford, Conn.	*Romeo and Juliet* *Coriolanus* *The Taming of the Shrew* *King Lear*	June 10-Sept. 12 in daily rotation. Eves. exc. Mon., Thurs. Mats: Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun.
ASOLO THEATER FESTIVAL Sarasota, Fla.	*Hamlet* *Volpone* *Tiger at the Gates* *The Importance of Being Earnest*	July 8-Aug. 28 in daily rotation. Every evening and Wed., Fri., Sat., mats.
CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Burlington, Vt.	*The Merchant of Venice* *Antony and Cleopatra* *Henry VIII*	July 27-Aug. 31 in nightly rotation
COLORADO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Boulder, Colo.	*Hamlet* *The Tempest* *Henry IV, Part 2*	July 31-Aug. 14 in nightly rotation
GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Lakewood, Ohio	*Macbeth* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* *Henry VI, Pts. 1, 2, 3 (condensed)* *Coriolanus*	June 25-Sept. 26 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Mon. Mats: Sun.
MARIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Ross, Calif.	*Romeo and Juliet* *Henry IV, Part 1* *As You Like It*	July 15-Sept. 4 in nightly rotation Wed. through Sat.
MINNESOTA THEATRE COMPANY Minneapolis, Minn.	*Richard III* *The Way of the World* *The Cherry Orchard* *The Caucasian Chalk Circle (after Aug. 3)* *The Miser (after Sept. 6)*	May 11-Nov. 20 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun. Mats: Wed., Sat.
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Central Park, N.Y.C.	*Love's Labour's Lost* *Coriolanus* *Troilus and Cressida*	*LLL* June 8-July 3 Cor. July 7-July 31 *T&C* Aug. 4-Aug. 28 Eves. exc. Mon.
NYSF TOURING COMPANY Five Boroughs of New York City	*Henry V* *The Taming of the Shrew* *Romeo and Juliet* (Spanish)	June 24-Sept. 4 Eves. exc. Mon.
OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Ashland, Ore.	*Much Ado About Nothing* *Macbeth* *A Winter's Tale* *Henry VI, Part 2*	July 26-Sept. 11 in nightly rotation exc. Aug. 31, Sept. 5, 10, when *Volpone* will be given.
SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL San Diego, Calif.	*The Merry Wives of Windsor* *Henry VIII* *Coriolanus (after July 15)*	June 15-Sept. 12 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Mon. Mats: Sat., Sun.
SOUTHEASTERN ACADEMY THEATRE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Atlanta, Ga.	*The Tempest* *Richard III*	*Tem.* June 3-July 4 *Rich.* July 15-Aug. 15 Thurs., Fri., Sat. eves. Sun. Mat.
SOUTHERN SHAKESPEARE REPERTORY THEATRE University of Miami Coral Gables, Fla.	*As You Like It* *Romeo and Juliet* *The Merchant of Venice* *Henry IV, Part 1*	July 6-Aug. 1 in nightly rotation exc. Mon.
STRATFORD SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL OF CANADA Stratford, Ont.	*Henry IV, Part 1* *Henry IV, Part 2* *Julius Caesar* *The Cherry Orchard (after July 26)*	June 14-Oct. 2 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun. Mats: Wed., Sat.
STRATFORD FESTIVAL OPERA COMPANY Stratford, Ont.	*Mahoganny* *The Marriage of Figaro*	July 2-Aug. 28 in daily rotation same as above

Another approach to repertory-company method is being instituted in Pittsburgh by the American Conservatory Theatre. There, thanks to a $115,000 grant by the Rockefeller Foundation to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, the latter's Drama Department and the Pittsburgh Playhouse are cooperating to present a repertory of plays over a period extending from July 15 to Dec. 5. These plays will include *Tartuffe, Tiny Alice, Six Characters in Search of an Author, Antigone, The Rose Tattoo, Noah, The Servant of Two Masters, King Lear, The Devil's Disciple, Phèdre, Death of a Salesman,* and *Uncle Vanya.* The project will be under the artistic directorship of William Ball, who staged the very successful *Tartuffe* in New York last season, and will operate on two Pittsburgh Playhouse stages. However, the emphasis will be less on production than on training; all of the distinguished professional actors, directors, and designers will teach along with their work in the productions. Since many of the professionals involved have other commitments, the plays will be double-cast. But the list of performers is a fine one, bringing together such relative unknowns as Rene Auberjonois and Janice Young, who have been giving distinguished performances in companies around the United States, and others like Barbara Barrie, Jacqueline Brookes, Hal Holbrook, Michael O'Sullivan, Kate Reid, Carol Rossen, and Sada Thompson, who have already drawn rave notices from the New York critics.

The American Conservatory Theatre's way of working would seem most sensible, for, as the Lincoln Center Drama Repertory Company catastrophe proved, most of the great plays require a new breed of highly skilled actors to do them justice. —HENRY HEWES.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Doubt Without Skepticism

I HAVE been reading for the first time John Barth's three novels, now all available in paperback editions. Born in Maryland in 1930 and educated at Johns Hopkins University, Barth has for some years been a teacher of English at Pennsylvania State University. *The Floating Opera,* published in 1956, was nominated for the National Book Award. *End of the Road* followed in 1958. Then in 1960 came *The Sot-Weed Factor,* which has had a kind of underground success, especially on college campuses.

The Floating Opera (Avon, 75¢) is the story, told in the first person, of Todd Andrews, a Maryland lawyer, bachelor, and eccentric. What Andrews sets out to do is to explain why he didn't commit suicide on a particular day in 1937, but he follows many bypaths, and from time to time the reader feels that he is hopelessly lost. Andrews's apparent willfulness, however, has a purpose, which is to show that persons and events are seldom what they seem. Truth is elusive, he is saying, and values are relative. The book describes, among other things, Andrews's affair with Jane Mack, an affair that is approved of by her husband, his best friend. In the end we find out why he decided to commit suicide and why he changed his mind.

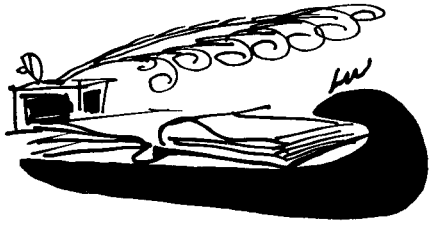
The novel has both high wit and low humor. Todd's sardonic moods are rather engaging, at least at first, and he expresses his opinions in an amusing way. But I am not sure that Todd is or is intended to be an admirable figure. Barth suggests that, although much can be said for cynicism, it is not enough.

Jacob Horner, the central figure and narrator of *End of the Road* (Avon, 50¢), is even more ambiguous than Todd Andrews. One may regard him as either victim or villain. At least partly cured of a paralyzing neurosis by a strange, self-appointed psychiatrist, Jacob becomes a teacher of English in a small college. After finding one colleague whom he likes and admires, he proceeds to have an affair with the man's wife. The situation, developing in curiously complicated ways, ends tragically. As in *The Floating Opera,* we find Barth questioning the values by which people live and raising disturbing doubts about human motives. Nothing in life is as simple as it looks, and sex in particular is mysterious and many-sided. In both books one is aware of a lively intelligence and a fresh imagination.

It was, however, in his third book that Barth really let his imagination take off. *The Sot-Weed Factor* (Grosset's Universal Library, $2.95) is a long, brilliant, bawdy, constantly surprising novel about life in Maryland about 1690. It purports to be the biography of Ebenezer Cooke, Gentleman, Poet, and Laureate of Maryland.

There was a real Ebenezer Cook—or Cooke—who wrote a satirical poem about Maryland called *The Sot-Weed Factor,* published in London in 1708. (Sot-weed is tobacco.) Although I know nothing about the historical Ebenezer, I gather that the Ebenezer of the novel is almost entirely Barth's invention. Born in Maryland, he was taken to England at an early age by his father. He and his twin sister, Anna, were tutored by a brilliant youth named Henry Burlingame. Later, after doing badly at Cambridge, Eben set himself up in London as a poet, but, having incurred the wrath of his father, he was sent to Maryland to manage the family estate. Before departing he had an interview with someone he believed to be Lord Baltimore, who appointed him Poet Laureate of the Province.

With his departure for America, Eben enters upon an extraordinary series of adventures, worthy of one of Henry Fielding's heroes or one of Tobias Smollett's, and, in between, other characters set forth their own hazardous and harrowing experiences. Eben encounters pirates, Indians, fugitive slaves, various conspirators against the government of the province, and assorted villains of all degrees. He is twice hoodwinked out of his father's property, and he has to deal with several counterfeit poets laureate. Periodically his erstwhile tutor, Henry Burlingame, pops up in one disguise or another, and although he sometimes plucks Eben out of grave peril, he immediately plunges him into dangers just as great. Poor Eben with great difficulty preserves his virginity, but he loses more and more of his pristine innocence.



One of the major subplots concerns Eben's attempt to learn about Henry's ancestry. Most of the relevant facts are discovered in an alleged journal of Captain John Smith, one of the bawdiest and funniest documents in contemporary literature. Other facts emerge during Eben's stay among the Indians, until Henry is provided with ancestors that satisfy his sardonic temperament.

Barth tells the story with a great show of erudition, which he uses playfully.

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On one occasion, for instance, two minor characters exchange insults, one finding more than 100 synonyms for "whore" in English, and the other responding with an equal number of equivalent French epithets. In addition to much humor of a raucous sort, there is plenty of irony. Whereas the hero of the contemporary historical novel usually proceeds from one sexual adventure to another, Eben, though surrounded by sexual activity of the most overt and flamboyant kind, remains a virgin. Even more ironic is the fact that Henry Burlingame, advocate of unbounded sexual freedom, is impotent.

The book is to some extent a parody of the eighteenth-century picaresque novel, although it is obvious that Barth finds the form congenial. It is also intended to encourage distrust of written history. (Who, after this, can believe in John Smith's narratives?) As in the earlier books, Barth emphasizes the relativity of values, and once more proves himself skeptical of skepticism: is Henry Burlingame's cynicism any more viable than Ebenezer Cooke's innocence?

Barth has called the book "a moral allegory cloaked in terms of colonial history," and the description will serve, though there may be some disagreement as to what the moral is. However that may be, we have a vigorous narrative, high-spirited, often hilarious, and almost always holding the reader's attention. (The book is long, but not much longer than *Tom Jones.*) The creation of the historical background is skillful and convincing, and, just as a historical novel, *The Sot-Weed Factor* is better than most. It is an extraordinary tour de force, and it is more than that; it is Barth's most resourceful attempt thus far to set forth the nature of the human predicament. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRAZER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1143

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1143 will be found in the next issue.

WHFBST ONE ANCH BUT DBO-

BUNUBLFT, GSU TUSRBZBUE BT

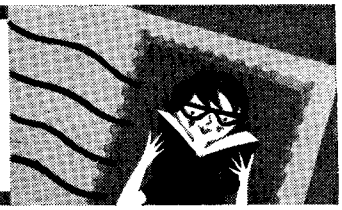
FLU UAST ANFZBYNRRHZ.

HDGHPU ASGGNPZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1142

A capacity for self-pity is one of the last things any woman surrenders.
—IRVIN S. COBB.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



Hicks, Pro and Con

GRANVILLE HICKS's review on the essays of Louis Auchincloss (*SR*, June 5) was delightful reading. More gratifying was his appraisal of Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* as "lifeless." I bought a paperback edition of the book about a year ago and it has been a struggle to cover 327 of the total 476 pages . . . I keep telling myself to persevere in pursuit of the golden core which most critics to the man have declared the book contains. It's one of the few books you can pick up and start reading anywhere and be equally unmoved. This leads me to believe that by page 476, which I hope to have conquered by Christmas, there'll still be no golden core.

ROBERSON L. KING.

Houston, Texas

RE MISS OATES applauding Granville Hicks's "consistently high standard of critical reviewing" [*SR*, May 22], I suggest she has little eye for what is happening in modern American literature. Throughout the past months, Hicks has praised (stodgily) Mr. Wright Morris's dull novel of social realism, *One Day*; has asserted (stodgily) that there exists no more representative American novel than *Invisible Man* and *Adventures of Augie March.* The former at best is a competent and courageous novel at its time of publication; it is not great, it says nothing to us now, for the Negro is no longer (was he ever?) invisible. *Augie March* is pure Bellow at his moocow best. Hicks has led one to believe that he holds Bellow as the leading American novelist, that Bellow instead of Mailer has forged new paths into contemporary language. Go read *Augie March*: it is like plodding through Sartre's *Being and Nothingness* again.

I called Hicks a "stodgy moralist" because of his interpretation of dreams, and because he can say nothing new, nothing interesting, even about such marvelous writers as John Updike. His Mailer essay, "Literary Hoax," was quite revealing about Hicks himself. Tell me: why is Mailer's novel so bad?

J. T. MCINTIRE.

Mansfield, Ohio

Manners vs. Courtesy

LEON EDEL'S REVIEW of the Dame Edith Sitwell autobiography *Taken Care Of* [*SR*, May 29] contains two quotations, one from Henry James and the other from Dame Edith herself. Taken together they offer a revelation of contrasting character which should have intrigued James, if he had sufficient self-insight to perceive it. James's remark described an aristocracy as "bad manners organized." Dame Edith wrote, "genius and aristocrat are entirely unafraid of and uninfluenced by the opinions and vagaries of the crowd." Obviously, one statement is that of the bourgeois, the other of the aristocrat. More than this, however, they illuminate with unusual clarity the vital position of manners themselves as both the invention and essential support of bourgeois culture.

Now, manners are the signals which an individual gives to other members of his society that he is aware of social values. They are designed to protect the individual from contempt or pity, out of fear of which they arise, and are imitations of courtesy. In some areas they may be quite successful imitations, but the two forms of behavior are in reality quite distinct. Manners arise . . . from fear of the opinions of others. Courtesy is a result of concern for the individual's opinion of himself. It is an expression of that quality of the value-making group which is called *noblesse oblige;* while manners are a part of the behavior of the value-imitating group which has been given the sociological name "other-directedness."

The bourgeois of acute perception will recognize this difference, but he will usually be psychologically unable to admit the failure of his own class to achieve its ambition. He will therefore transfer the lack to the aristocrats, and perceive the aristocracy as "bad manners organized."

ROBERT V. LANCASTER.

Lancaster, N.Y.

The Untaken Care Of

THE REVIEW of Dame Edith Sitwell's autobiography made no mention of what were, for me, the most significant pages in the book, her description of Skid Row in Los Angeles. . . . if I were to attribute consequence to anything it would be to these final pages of the book. . . . It completely shames us, particularly those who comfortably project romance on this life to excuse doing nothing for these people.

P. G. MITCHELL.

Somerville, Mass.

No Dropout

IS BEL KAUFMAN of *Up the Down Staircase* fame guilty of inconsistency? . . . When interviewed [*SR*, Apr. 10] she said that education "doesn't draw the best people any more. Or if it does, they drop out or they stop caring." But the main character of her excellent book neither drops out nor stops caring. Having pointed out effectively many of the flaws of public education, Miss Kaufman almost cancels out her indictment by leaving the reader with the impression that the best teachers will dedicate themselves to public education regardless of the conditions that make teaching almost impossible. It would appear that Miss Kaufman settles for a happy ending when instead she could have impressed the public with education's weakest point: its inability to attract and hold the best people.

E. G. HALLAMAN.

Youngstown, O.

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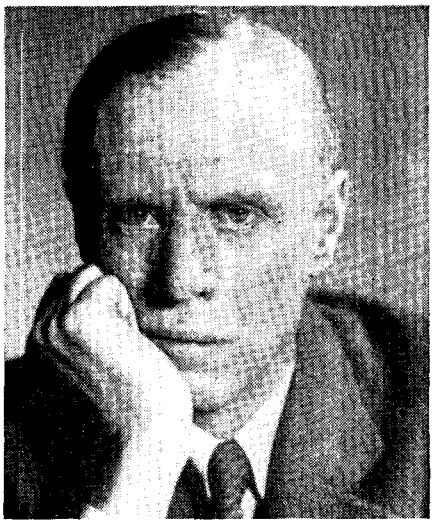
Arrowsmith's American Dream



—Eric Schaal, Pix

Sinclair Lewis—"the act and fact of writing were more important than anything else."

HE CALLED it his best book, and so the year of its publication must have been the best year of his life, because he was a writer to whom the act and fact of writing were more important than anything else ever could be: love or fame or money. What wouldn't you give, somebody was saying the other evening at a gathering of mid-1920s ancients, to come upon a novel as consistently excellent and *interesting* as the one that begins:

> The driver of the wagon swaying through forest and swamp of the Ohio wilderness was a ragged girl of fourteen. Her mother they had buried near the Monongahela . . . Her father lay shrinking with fever on the floor of the wagonbox, and about him played her brothers and sisters . . . She cooked the supper, she put the children to bed, and sat by the fire, alone. That was the great-grandmother of Martin Arrowsmith.

Then one or another of the ancients wondered how many novels on or off this year's best-seller list would remain, after four decades, as fresh and vital as Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*. This was, of course, by way of being a rhetorical question, unless you can bring yourself to believe that Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*, for instance, belongs up in the big leagues with the masterpiece of one who had his bad times but was above fakery, and, in his quaintly honorable way, would have been horrified by the literary auto-eroticism now much in fashion.

March 5, 1925, that publication day was, and it doesn't seem quite possible until you get to thinking of too many lesser Lewis books that followed this one, some of them all but unreadable, as his critics did not hesitate to point out. Thus, to be obliged to re-read his last, sad, posthumously issued novel, *World So Wide*, would come under the heading of the cruel and unusual punishments forbidden by the Constitution of the USA. But to turn again to Arrowsmith is to find yourself in the company of a major if not a great novelist at the height of his powers.

Do the younger members of the class have to be told that *Main Street*, in 1920, had made him instantly famous, and that *Babbitt* (1922) had secured his place and enhanced it as a photographic satirist with an accent new to American writing and a sweeping, Dickensian relish for characters dwelling somewhere between the real and the grotesque? Presumably he could have worked that vein indefinitely, but, with a flair he had for surprise, he chose not to. As Mark Schorer tells of it in his splendidly comprehensive *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life*, *Arrowsmith* was conceived in the course of a couple of convivial evenings Lewis spent in Chicago in 1922 with Dr. Morris Fishbein and a young bacteriologist, Paul de Kruif. Lewis was then toying with the idea of a labor novel, and in fact the three called late one night, alcoholically and inconclusively, on Eugene Debs. "It was then, Dr. Fishbein remembers [Mr. Schorer continues] that he (Fishbein) asked Lewis if he really wanted to write a novel about labor. Did he have a real story, did he have a point of view, did he even have the necessary enthusiasm? Why not write a novel about medicine?" *Babbitt* was waiting in the wings, about to be published, and the uproar it set off would occupy Lewis happily for months to come. But the chances are that *Arrowsmith* got under way that night when Lewis and de Kruif developed the idea of a novel in which a passionately dedicated young scientist would find himself confronted with a plague in the Caribbean and a soul-wrenching decision.

"Without Paul de Kruif or a man like him," Mr. Schorer suggests, "this novel would, of course, have been an impossibility." What matters is that from someone, somewhere, Lewis inevitably would have acquired what Sheldon Grebstein, in his admirable short study of him, calls the book's "solid underlayer of fact." Was any American storyteller of his time more conscientious about fact without being a slave to it?

At last the satirist was writing a novel with a full-fledged hero, one with his share of frailties, doubts, and fears, but a hero nonetheless. Nor had Lewis ever drawn a woman in such depth, in such blood-and-flesh truth, as Martin Arrowsmith's wife, Leora. Nor did he ever achieve, before or after, a narrative so starkly dramatic and moving as the one that takes Martin from small-town doctor to idealistic researcher. Very simply, the story is one of life versus death, of honesty versus quackery. It is good now to remember how properly all this was appreciated at the time, not least by a young English professor, Bernard De Voto, with whom Lewis was later to bandy insults. "It is the most American novel of the generation," De Voto wrote, "and if it is not the best, at least it can never hereafter be out of mind when the few, diverse novels entitled to compete for such an epithet are considered."

De Voto was right, and so was the Pulitzer Prize committee the following spring when it selected *Arrowsmith* as the best American novel of 1925.

We ancients still ponder over Lewis's historic rejection of the prize. Ostensibly he declined it because he disapproved of the vapid criteria by which early Pulitzer novel awards were made. It is also pretty clear that he was still smarting over his failure to win a Pulitzer with either *Main Street* or *Babbitt*. And, yes, he knew also the publicity value of a grandstand play as well as the next author, and better than most of them.

He was forty in the year of *Arrowsmith*, and he never again was to reach its high level, although *Elmer Gantry* and *Dodsworth* surely had their superior moments. As he went into his painful decline in the Thirties and Forties, including a balmy love affair with the theater, he was easy game for those who specialize in slugging fallen titans, as witness the cold, malicious shot at him in Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees*—Hemingway, of whom Lewis had spoken with characteristic generosity in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech in 1930.

But the story those mid-1920s veterans recalled most vividly and poignantly the other evening had to do with a party at the home of Lewis and his wife, Dorothy Thompson. She, in her heyday, was holding court for a circle of worshipful admirers, none of whom seemed to have any time for their host. Glass in hand, he moved on the edges of the circle. Finally he tapped a guest on the shoulder. The guest turned to see the sad face foreshadowed by Man Ray's famous camera portrait.

"Remember me?" said the man with the sad face. "I wrote *Arrowsmith*."

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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America's Role in World Conflict

Experience of War: The United States in World War II, *by Kenneth S. Davis (Doubleday. 704 pp. $7.95), deals with both political and military phases of America's participation in the great conflict. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, wrote "The War: A Concise History, 1939-1945."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

ON JUNE 28, 1919, the German plenipotentiaries left the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, where, most reluctantly, they had just signed the peace treaty imposed by the victor powers. One delegate turned to a reporter and said angrily: "We'll see you again in twenty years!"

Seldom in the history of prognostication has so unknown a German made so accurate a prediction in so frustrating a moment of defeat. The Germans went to war again on September 1, 1939, exactly twenty years, two months, and four days after signing the Treaty of Versailles.

Both wars were of critical concern to the American people. In 1917, a previously isolationist America which had been "too proud to fight" went to war "to make the world safe for democracy." One major result of that holocaust was the rise of dictatorship. In 1941 an isolationist United States, under the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt ("I hate war!"), joined the conflict to help rid the world of Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo. All three little men—the raucous monomaniac, the sawdust caesar, and the pompous bantam rooster—met an ignominious death.

Kenneth Davis's chronological account of America's role in World War II opens with the United States at the edge of the abyss, during the period of her neutrality. A group of scientists manage to get to President Roosevelt to inform him of the possibility of a new weapon. Then comes the shock of Pearl Harbor, followed by American entry into the war. In swiftly paced chapters the author tells of Pacific defeat and global strategy, the economics of war, crises and turning points in the Pacific, the dangerous quarrels among American and British leaders, and the final assaults in Europe and in the Pacific.

Mr. Davis states frankly that he has not designed his work as a formal academic history, though he has made every effort to assure its factual accuracy and includes excellent documentation. His essential aim is literary, "to rescue from the erosion and abstractions of Time something of what Webster's Dictionary in the definition of 'experience' calls the 'actual living through an event or events; actual enjoyment or suffering.' He searches for "connectedness" as the essence of all things. At the same time he strives for a sense of immediacy, while indicating the general trend of the war and the flow of time through it and from it.

The author has been successful in these aims. This is a fascinating and absorbing book, one which the discriminating reader will find it hard to put down. Its unique value derives from the disciplined and judicious manner in which Mr. Davis has approached his subject. He expertly distributes light and shadow. His judgment is balanced. He is a master of objective description. This is a work of genuine importance and power.

The style is lively and graphic with a tinge of Carlylean exuberance. The author is at his best in painting portraits of his cast of characters. Especially good is his sketch of Eisenhower (of whom he has already written a biography, *Soldier of Democracy*). And witness this superb description of Harry Hopkins after drastic surgery at the Mayo Clinic:

> He emerged as a man from whom all but the vital essence has been burned away, cut away—a skeletal figure on whom clothes hung almost as loosely as a scarecrow's garb, his eyes like glowing coals in the face of pale-yellow parchment and his voice a thin reed that often hardened and broke into quick jagged pieces of impatience. Pills and hypodermics kept him slenderly alive.

The early sections, devoted to William L. Laurence's walk in the evening fog, a night at the White House, and Dr. Sachs's call on the President, are good examples of how the gifted writer can take a set of facts and endow them with dramatic intensity. However, there is one lapse from which an eagle-eyed editor might have rescued Mr. Davis. It comes in Part X, "The End of the Beginning," devoted to the start of U.S. Marine attacks on a South Sea isle. For some unaccountable reason the author deserts history for fiction. "Of course," he explains in a footnote, "the background I've given 'George' is, though representative, entirely fictional." It is an exploitation of the "Let-George-do-it" idea. In more than a dozen pages Mr. Davis presents a contrived and awkward account of Marine George's background and sentiments as he goes into battle and to his death. This type of slick magazine stuff does not belong in the book:

> Night wind caressed his cheek, softly, and he dreamed of a slender brown-eyed black-haired girl on the next street over, whom he had loved ever since the eighth grade and never dared to ask for a date.

Fortunately, this is an isolated case in a generally admirable book.

There is one other minor stylistic shortcoming. The author overuses the ellipsis, marks of three or four periods to denote omissions. These are placed indiscriminately at the end of sentences, so that the reader is perplexed as to what, if anything, is omitted. ("Willkie yielded . . .") Or does this merely denote surprise?

—*Camera Press-Pix.*

American infantrymen march down the Champs-Elysées on their way to the front, 1944.

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Saving the City of Light

—*ADP, Paris.*

German troops leaving Paris, August, 1944.

Is Paris Burning?, *by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster. 376 pp. $6.95), recreates the suspenseful days prior to the liberation of France's capital. As an American war correspondent Henry C. Wolfe entered Paris with General Leclerc's 2nd Armored Division.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

IN THE late evening of August 24, 1944, after four years of silence, the church bells of occupied Paris began ringing. Led by Notre Dame's great fourteen-ton bell and the nineteen-ton bell of Sacré-Coeur, they shook the French capital "with the thunder of their majestic chorus." At his headquarters in the Hotel Meurice the German commander, General Dietrich von Choltitz, was asked about the bells by an aide. "They are ringing for us . . . ," the General lamented. "They are ringing because the Allies are entering Paris."

The liberation of Paris was probably the most dramatic event of our century. Singly and together, there was emotion and suspense in the heroic uprising of the populace against the Germans, the delirious welcome accorded the French and American forces, and the very close escape from destruction of the world's most beautiful city. Significant too were the plots and counterplots of Gaullists and Communists in their struggle for control of the liberation—and France.

Larry Collins, *Newsweek* correspondent in Paris, and Dominique Lapierre, editor of *Paris-Match*, chronicle the day-by-day surge of tangled events that culminated—but did not end—in the Allied march on the capital. Centering on Hitler's maniacal plan to lay waste the city, the story details not only the military and political blueprints of Allied and German commanders, and the bitter in-fighting between Communists and Gaullists of the French Resistance, but also the joys and tragedies of human beings on every level.

Increasingly, as the Allied armies drove eastward from their Normandy beachhead, Hitler's mind had been obsessed by Paris. Throughout history, he reiterated, the loss of Paris had meant the loss of France. Paris must not fall in the Allies' hands, or, if it did, they must find there "nothing but a field of ruins." Summoning to his East Prussian headquarters the non-Nazi von Choltitz, the Fuehrer had made him commander of the Paris region. Jodl gave him his orders: "Whatever happens, the Fuehrer expects you to carry out the widest destruction possible in the area assigned to your command."

The new Paris commander was a tough, regular army officer known as a ruthless military man. Although he had no stomach for the razing of Paris, how could he defy Hitler's orders? According to Hitler's new law of *Sippenhaft,* revenge could be taken on an insubordinate officer's family. Von Choltitz was devoted to his wife and three children back in Baden-Baden.

At Allied headquarters, Eisenhower and his staff had to contend with ever-lengthening supply lines and diminishing stores of gas. They wanted to bypass Paris, conserve fuel, and push their tank columns Rhinewards with maximum speed.

De Gaulle, on the other hand, fearing an uprising and a holocaust in Paris, was desperately anxious to liberate the capital as quickly as possible. Despite his agents' efforts to head off revolt, with all its attendant dangers to city and people, police insurrection broke out on August 19. Immediately throughout the city fighting flared up between the FFI (French underground) and the German garrison.

All the while Hitler was bombarding von Choltitz with orders to begin the demolition of bridges, factories, and such historic treasures as Notre Dame, the Opera, the Luxembourg, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Madeleine. "This madman," the German general suspected, "wanted him to devastate the city 'and then sit in its ashes. . .'" Von Choltitz, however, was prepared to "die as a soldier in Paris, but not as a criminal."

In another part of the threatened city, meantime, General Chaban-Delmas, a Gaullist representative; Nordling, the Swedish Consul-General, and—strangest of all—Bender, a high Abwehr official, were all working to dissuade the Allied high command from bypassing Paris. At the Allied front General Leclerc, commander of the Free French 2nd Armored Division, was begging permission to lead his men to the capital. General Sibert, head of Eisenhower's G-2, brought him the thrilling word: "You win. They've decided to send you straight to Paris."

Von Choltitz, ignoring Hitler's daily orders to begin destruction, expected to be arrested by the SS at any moment. At the Nazi GHQ, Hitler was screaming at Jodl: *"Brennt Paris?"* ("Is Paris burning?")

On the early morning of August 25, the feast of St. Louis, France's patron saint, the long columns of General Leclerc's 2nd Armored Division began to roll into the capital. The U.S. 4th Infantry Division gave it support. Von Choltitz ordered his garrison into strong points and the battle for Paris began. "Never again, perhaps, would a city know anything like the wave of sheer happiness about to break over Paris. . ."

After hard fighting, von Choltitz was taken prisoner and, on his order, the garrison surrendered. Paris was not burning. The City of Light "lived and loved, cheered and cried, danced and, on occasion, died, all through this magnificent day with a vigor that did honor to even its gay and Gallic heart."

The authors have charged their pages with an almost unbearable excitement and a tingling sense of history; the reader finds himself a tense participant.

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The Europe of The Great War

The Western Front 1914-1918, *by John Terraine (Lippincott. 230 pp. $4.95),* ***The Meaning of the First World War,*** *by René Albrecht-Carrié (Prentice-Hall. 181 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95), and* ***The Lost Generation of 1914,*** *by Reginald Pound (Coward-McCann. 288 pp. $5), reveal the madness and futility of the conflict that virtually annihilated the most promising members of one European generation. SR's managing editor Richard L. Tobin was a war correspondent in Europe during World War II.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

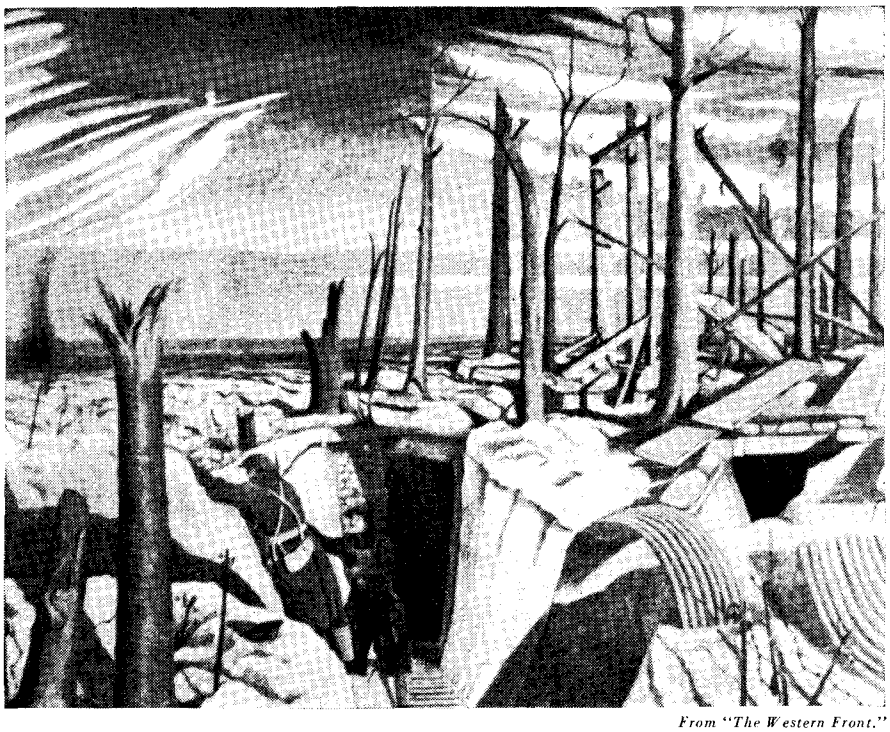
"COME and die. It'll be great fun," Rupert Brooke wrote to John Drinkwater in January of 1915, perhaps the blackest year of World War I for the British. Their losses indescribable, their ridiculous little standing army not yet fully reinforced by the amateur soldier, their leaders not yet having faced the reality of a long war, this generation of Britons could be compared only to the "glorious few" who in 1940 saved the precious island at an almost total loss of the original RAF combat personnel. It is true that on July 1, 1916, the British would lose 57,000 men in twenty-four hours in the first Battle of the Somme, and that unrestricted submarine warfare would all but starve the beleaguered island. Yet, reading these three fascinating variations on a fascinating theme, one can almost pinpoint the nadir of hope as that day when Rupert Brooke could promise his writer friend John Drinkwater a sure and certain rendezvous with death.

The First World War is interesting not only because it was fought half a century ago and is, therefore, in better perspective than World War II, but also because it was the last gasp of entrenched warfare, a style of battle all but unknown except on a per diem basis in World War II. For example, the second Battle of Champagne, the great culminating offensive by which the French felt sure they could expel the Hun from French soil in 1915, produced 145,000 French casualties—and the gain nowhere exceeded 3,000 yards. John Terraine points out that the Battle of Verdun swayed to and fro for nearly the whole of 1916 and cost the Germans and the French together three-quarters of a million men; and, at the end, the front was almost exactly where it had been when the whole thing started. The Battle of the Somme that same year cost the British army 100,000 casualties a month for four and a half months, and when winter finally ended all possibility of attack and counterattack the ground gains and losses could be measured in yards, not miles. In 1917, the third Battle of Ypres (sometimes called the Battle of Passchendaele) lasted three and a half months, spent a quarter of a million British ("a torrent of young life"), and advanced at the very most seven miles. The horror of the bloodbath alone will fascinate readers of military history for all time to come, much as the incredible casualty rate of the American Civil War still fascinates because of the dreadful butchery and the awesomeness of the battle forces.

Mr. Terraine's book is the most straightforward of these three volumes dedicated chiefly to the Western front, its lost generation, and its meaning, if there is ever a meaning to war. The work is actually a series of incisive essays, including a marvelous vignette of Field-Marshal Earl Haig. A fine section concerns Lloyd George, his dilemmas and expediences. The Terraine volume is a slim one, however, and anyone wishing detailed accounts of maneuvers and countermaneuvers, generals and battles, ordnance and logistics, sub-heroes and minor villains, must go elsewhere.

ONE place he can go is to the equally slender volume by René Albrecht-Carrié, which in fewer than 200 pages sets out to relate the deep forces of change before 1914, the performance of both sides in the "classical war" of 1914-1916, the stalemate prior to America's entry, the aftermath, and the retreat of democracy after Armistice. If this is a large order, one must concede that Albrecht-Carrié has done a splendid job of packing and sorting, albeit oversimplifying too.

Reginald Pound's *Lost Generation* is in better focus: the dreadful detailing of virtual annihilation of a whole generation of England's most brilliant and promising young men during the first two years of what is properly called by historians The Great War. How any nation could have withstood the loss of its finest manhood before that splendid seed could engender new progeny is beyond the comprehension of man, at least this man; but since it was true also of the flower of French and German virility, perhaps genetics explains much of the decay of Western Europe in the past half-century. What emerges from the Pound book (from all three, indeed) is the utter madness and futility of even old-fashioned battle, the trench warfare that identified 1914-1918 and bled one whole European generation to utter extinction.



From "The Western Front."

First World War landscape, by John Nash—indescribable losses.

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Hatred of Man and Silence of God

—Joseph Nissen.

Hugh Nissenson—important questions.

A Pile of Stones, *by Hugh Nissenson (Scribners, 173 pp. $3.95), comprises short stories centering around the problem of being Jewish. Daniel Stern is the author of "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

THE CHAPTER designations in most books are usually window dressing. They neither add to nor subtract from the significance of the book; they are rarely even noticed. In the case of Hugh Nissenson's first book of short stories, to ignore the parts into which the book is divided would be a mistake. They are "Then: Poland," "Now: Israel," and "Then and Now: America," and they embody the spiritual journey of a whole generation from belief to alienation. The well-wrought stories evoke, with a fine understatement, the death of a way of life in which being Jewish was a rich and accepted mode of living among men and for God, with no contradiction between the two. They move forward to our own day, when being Jewish is, for so many, a puzzlement and a problem complicated by the hatred of men and the silence of God.

The first story, "The Groom on Zlota Street," is a tale in the old style. Set in Poland at the turn of the century, it has a sound so authentic it might almost be translated from Polish or Yiddish. It revolves, like most of these stories, around a single incident. Yecheil, a painfully poor maker of whips for the Warsaw grooms can barely sell enough merchandise to keep his soul and bearded body together. There is a groom on Zlota Street, however, who will buy all Yecheil can sell. But, mysteriously, Yecheil will not sell to him. The reason, it turns out, is both simple and complex: the Polish groom has a rich sense of anti-Semitic humor and will buy a whip for every time poor Yecheil will let him pull his beard. Yecheil returns again and again to the groom, but he never sells. Instead, he keeps the groom as constant proof that one has a choice in this world. He suffers a beating at the man's hands, but will not submit voluntarily to humiliation. "'There's always a choice to be made . . . Remember that,' he said gasping for breath . . . 'and rejoice . . . Praise Him . . . God provides.'"

In brilliant contrast stands the last story in the volume, "A Pile of Stones." It takes place in our America, and is an elegy for a Christian who reveres Christ as a Jew. The narrator is a disaffected Jew who has no religion and, more dismaying, seems to have no history. The study in contrasts is a moving one. The Christian with his passionate interest in Jewish thought and spirit, and his humane but profound belief in God, is opposed to the pallid Jew bereft of Jewishness (there is no Service at his Passover dinner, and the colored maid makes the gefuelte fish). The Christian dies and the Jew lives; but who has done better is in question.

Between these two stories—one in which a Polish Jew endures poverty and violence to prove that he has chosen his God and his Jewish identity, the other in which the Jewish tradition is effete, played-out—come five stories of varying degrees of excellence. "The Blessing," a short, delicately made study of faith crumbling in the face of a child's death, is probably the best of these. But "The Well," an incident between two "friends," Jewish and Arab, is a strong contender.

The authenticity and poetry of these stories are moving. But the tale they tell of the modern Jew, like modern man increasingly lost to himself (as God has become lost to him), is a discouraging one. However, the fact that Hugh Nissenson, a young author, has, along with Philip Roth, Norman Fruchter, and many others, immersed himself in these questions, is perhaps cause for hope. Nissenson has no answers to give. But, in the context of art, the great service is to preserve the important questions.

Things Are Worse Than They Seem

A Sitter for a Satyr, *by George Andrzeyevski, translated from the Polish by Celina Wieniewska (Dutton. 190 pp. $3.95), parodies the French "new wave" in a roman à clef dealing with the fashionable Parisian art world. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

IF BOOKS are printed in order to fill gaps in our knowledge, Americans must be most ignorant in two subjects: sex and Communism. But we may now be in danger of knowing too much about these matters; and the best way to avoid an excess of knowledge is to find adequate substitutes.

A Sitter for a Satyr, by George Andrzeyevski, is both a sex and a Communism substitute. Its author is a man whose home is Warsaw, who is famous in Poland and in other Communist countries, whose background is Roman Catholic, who survived Hitler and Stalin, and who writes about a painter modeled after Picasso, the man who has done more for the sex substitute than any other—he cannot possibly relate to all these young ladies in conventional sexual styles. The book has, moreover, exquisite humor and most excellent writing, and its constant irony, in an age that has all but given up the idea that things are not necessarily as bad as they seem, but worse, will prove amusing and startling.

Ideally, every book ought to be reviewed in the style in which it is written. This would show that sympathetic response to it is possible, whatever doctrinal or ideological hostilities arise. It would show that the book had been understood. It would show that both book and reader belonged to the same century, and both reader and writer are more or less alive to similar nuances of communication. The ultimate, disarming glory of *A Sitter for a Satyr,* for all its cinematic dazzle, is that it refuses to take its own style solemnly.

Andrzeyevski, who has written conventionally in the past about life in Hitler-occupied Poland, in postwar Stalinist Poland, and in Poland since the Great Ferment, writes here about

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Paris, which has had more influence on the history of the arts than any other city. Paris judges what style means each time it is apprehended. Style is treated in Paris like any common criminal, until it can prove that it is uncommon. *A Sitter for a Satyr* seizes the bull of style by the horns. Ortiz, the fertile bull who impregnates each nubile, expectant aspect of style as it awaits his pleasure, is the symbolic centerpiece of the book. He crosses every frontier of style, just as he crosses every frontier of age and experience between the sexes. He is the principle of art and life renewing itself; and he must always enunciate and be in possession of what is most new, including the newest fashion in young ladies.

Antonio Ortiz is making a comeback after three years of pregnant silence. He has taken a new mistress, age twenty-two. He has granted an interview to the press—unheard of from one who detests everything in the press. Suspense in the art world is unbearable. What can the Master be up to now?

The coming-out party will attract every person of importance from everywhere, including America's leading playwright (a cross between Miller and Williams); superannuated art lovers; the leading critic, poet, actor, all pretending homage to the century's most authentic god. As the party proceeds, and Ortiz unveils his twenty-two portraits of his young mistress, intoning liturgically about the sacred significance of each pose while the guests postpone their appetites for the secular, Andrzyevski weaves a complex polyphony of satire, with that appreciation for the existence of such people and their affairs that alone makes satire delectable, even instructive.

Andrzyevski has great fun with his characters, pinning them neatly with the lepidopterist's eye, approaching them from many different angles, now paying ironic homage to Proust, to Joyce, to Miller (Henry, not Arthur). But suddenly he is caught up in the party, and the picture of the old artistic goat in love with the young girl moves him to a change of style and into an almost Chopinesque flame of passion and nostalgia. Andrzyevski becomes poetic, without abandoning his sense of irony. The book becomes a beautiful thing where it had been dazzling.

Andrzyevski set out to duel the French cinematic new wave, to say funny things about the new novelists, and to show that a writer from Warsaw could be fresh and witty about Paris. All this he achieved with alarming ease. Suddenly he gambled. "Can I not become a lord of creation like my subject, Picasso-Ortiz, laying bare the irony of all that East and West have in common, the fraudulence of what they fight about?" Not quite. But almost.

POETRY QUARTERLY

How to Sing of a Diminished Thing

By PAUL FUSSELL, *author of the forthcoming "Poetic Meter and Poetic Form."*

THE PROBLEM facing the contemporary poet intent on bringing out a volume of poems is like the problem facing Robert Frost's Oven Bird, who

> says the early petal-fall is past . . .
> He says the highway dust is over all.
> The bird would cease and be as other birds
> But that he knows in singing not to sing.
> The question that he frames in all but words
> Is what to make of a diminished thing.

Simply put, the problem is how to cast an illusion of sufficient largeness and excitement over the diminished materials of local exultation or regret which have become the conventional themes of the short poem in our time. If the matter no longer resonates with heroism the manner must, or we will turn away yawning. The most interesting poets of the past few months are those whose means persuade us, if only momentarily, that the diminished things on which most of them focus may not really be so diminished after all.

One of the most heroic recent techniques for redeeming the tired materials of conventional romantic regret is Richard F. Hugo's, in *Death of the Kapowsin Tavern* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), a volume which brilliantly registers the poet's love affair with the wry, twisted language of Hopkins, Robert Lowell, and Dylan Thomas. Indeed, these poems take startling risks with language, and even where they fail they persuade us that the risks have been worth the taking. The very openings seize the reader and hustle him on into the poems' knotty but honest interiors: "These shacks are tricks"; "Click and clatter"; "That girl upstream was diced by scaling knives . . ."; "You a gentleman and I up from the grime. . . ." The opening of the title poem, about the ruins of a burnt-down tavern, generates from language the sort of sheer excitement that has hardly been equalled since the appearance of Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle* in 1946:

> I can't ridge it back again from char.
> Not one board left. Only ash a cat explores
> and shattered glass smoked black and strung
> about from the explosion . . .

A technique like that is the antithesis of the uninteresting. The language, even when in its excess it turns affected and hectic, seems to follow the very curves and mouldings of experience itself. But if Hugo's technique dazzles, his themes disappoint: his confrontations with sinister places, flowing waters, and the perpetual mystery of fecundity become repetitive, and his obsessions with the losses of the past come finally to seem unfresh, automatic.

Donald Hall has been writing for over ten years now, and his devotees will read his latest volume, *A Roof of Tiger Lilies* (Viking, $3.50), with both satisfaction and uneasiness. Here he consolidates further his technical means without advancing far enough towards depth of theme. At thirty-six he is already a master of technique: his metaphors are delicate and exact; his metric is expressive and secure. He is among the few youngish poets entirely in command of their means, and that's refreshing. But the trouble is that he has apparently decided to skip his tough, intellectual middle age; he already writes as an elderly lyricist of the irrecoverable. The recurring clause "I remember" opens the door on nostalgia, and over and over we are bathed in the sort of bittersweet reminiscence hitherto thought to be the privilege of the old. As he says in "The Snow":

> . . . like an old man,
> whatever I touch I turn
> to the story of death.

Hall's themes are, as usual, the small ironies of gentle decay and change, the minor remembered episodes of regret or tiny ironic pleasure. But his best poems now invite us into the world of the gently surreal and metamorphic. It is as if Theodore Roethke had applied in his

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last poems the lacquered verbal means of a Richard Wilbur.

For all it seems to lack in commitment, Hall's book contains a good handful of successes: the illusion of time plausibly violated in "Cold Water" is superb; "The Stump" is accurate, sensuous, and touching; "Wells" is surprising and delightful; "By the North Sea" is entirely convincing. The poet who (in "Southwest of Buffalo") can speak of

> . . . the conservative
> farms, which are asleep
> but thinking . . .

is in no danger of missing the point. Perhaps Hall's next book will indicate whether he is destined to expend his admirable powers on an endless series of cameos, or whether he is going to entertain larger ambitions and achieve a more memorable significance.

WIT is so rare in poetry these days that any scintilla of it is to be prized, and there is more than a scintilla in Myron H. Broomell's *In the Iron Temple* (Prairie Press, $3.95). The book contains only twenty-six poems, but at least a quarter of them are brilliant. Some, like "Three Prayers for a Sort of Redemption," echo the sinister wit of the early Pound:

> She said she wanted to say farewell to
> debauchery,
> So I said, Okay, get up and say
> farewell.
> But her statement was signed with a
> signature that was a forgery,
> For I met her later ensconced in state
> in hell;
> She had married well; she had married
> a hellish noble;
> She was Countess C., and had given
> him three sons.
> I visited them once in Laguna; her
> shape was supple
> As she moved among her guests and
> the sound of guns.

Another kind of wit leans towards the lapidary. Here is part of a stanza from "Morrison Wood at the Keyboard":

> . . . I see, which way I turn,
> The universal taking form,
> Like brothel customers who burn
> Perfect as snowflakes in a storm.

Broomell's long saturation in Latin poetry is apparent everywhere, in his themes and attitudes as well as in his techniques. As he tells us at the end of "The Quiet Conflict":

> Latin is a hard language, because not
> only are the verbs conjugated,
> But also the words denote concepts
> fallen into disuse
> Since the elder Decius ceased to fling
> himself into a pit
> That yawned suddenly between him
> and his comrades
> And the ever-present envious bitter
> enemy.

Broomell's achievement is such as almost to persuade us that there is indeed no substitute for a classical education.

Another testament to wit is Hollis Summers's *Seven Occasions* (Rutgers University Press, $3.75). This is just the book to reinvigorate the taste for poetry in those convinced that they have lost it. Summers's nervy poems are worthy of standing right next to Howard Nemerov's; they have all of Nemerov's wit, surprise, and precise intelligence. And there is something of Frost's more somber sort of playfulness, too. But these poems have found their own voice, a voice conversational and close to the listener. Says Summers,

> I would like to discuss with you the
> tree
> Of knowledge . . .

So firm is the speaker's seizure of his listener's lapels, so authentically insistent is the poke of the finger into his chest, that the hearer seems drawn irresistibly into the poems:

> Don't tell me. I know well
> About money.

Summers is happiest with the small but ominous absurdities of contemporary life: for example, the sign on the preserved shipwreck at Cape Hatteras:

> "Do not disturb;
> Please leave the wreck for others to
> enjoy"

or the self-righteousness of his suburban neighbors who, having raked their leaves in good time, despise those who step to a different music:

> April always finds us raking mountains
> Of soggy leaves that burn more pokily
> Than daisies turn to coal while citizens
> Behind white curtains glare through
> our filthy smoke.

The title of one poem, "To Be Read Laughing Fit to Kill," could serve as a heading for much of Summers's work. But not for all of it. Sometimes the wit takes a happy journey into the touching, as in "The Making":

> Once, in winter, sleep having left
> My bed, I left too, hating
> To lie alone . . .

and sometimes, in poems like "For My Sons in Spring" or "For the Child," it is wit that opens avenues into the deeply subtle and serious. But one could go on and on. Better simply to say this is a book to be read, delighted in, and remembered.

ON the other hand it is sad to have to report that Randall Jarrell's new book, *The Lost World* (Macmillan, $3.95), is disappointing. There is nothing in it to compare with the poems he was writing twenty years ago, poems like "Eighth Air Force" or "Losses." The sleepy, puzzled, understated style—that of a man in shock—that used to supply an awful irony to Jarrell's early perceptions of disaster and metaphysical swindle has hardened into a monotonous mannerism, attached now too often to the mere chic of sentimental nostalgia and suburban pathos. His unhappy falling off is visible in the very first lines of this new book, where, in "Next Day," an aging housewife, shopping at the supermarket, meditates on her failure:

> Moving from Cheer to Joy, from Joy
> to All,
> I take a box
> And add it to my wild rice, my Cornish
> game hens.

This is easy and unconvincing. It lacks tact: either the "Cheer to Joy" or the "Joy to All," either the wild rice or the classy poultry, would be sufficient. For Jarrell to thrust all of them at us is for him to imply that we positively require redundancy if we are to get the point. And the point, after all, is a mighty tired one. Similar defects of tact dilute "The Lost World," a self-indulgent reminiscence of a Los Angeles boyhood, which is obvious and dull, full of slick ironies and pulled punches.

But on occasion Jarrell is still quite capable of controlling his archness and self-consciousness, and there are some good poems here. "Bats" is a triumphant fusion of the grotesque and the hideous

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with the tender. "Three Bills" is a sharp, disturbing, fully realized moment of horror. "Field and Forest" is refreshingly uncute. If Jarrell can only arrest his drift towards the show-business assumption that the audience really isn't very bright, he may recover his authentic themes and voice. For what is lacking in this latest book of his is exactly a strong sense of a sufficiently worthy audience, and for that we are all perhaps at fault.

Paul Engle, author of *A Woman Unashamed and Other Poems* (Random House, $4), is apparently too nice a man to write very good poems. His reactions to experience are always decent and occasionally even complicated; but, alas, however humane his general stance, the poems he constructs are sentimental, with little distinction of language or image and without sufficient emotional dynamics to provide many delights of structure. Only rarely, as in "Gulls at the Metropolitan Museum of Art," are we given presentation rather than comment. Here the painted gulls inside address the real ones outside:

> We do not lose one feather
> To any wicked weather,

And later another gull brags memorably about his life in art:

> I am no lifeless thing,
> But a created wing.
> The artist in his rage
> Wept paint upon this page.

But most of Engle's poems constitute a sort of diluted liking for whatever they look upon—a Japanese woman in love, Edmund Blunden, children, animals, the Taj Mahal—and by the end of the book we lust for some lifelike abrasion, some irony, a few burps and giggles from the second-violin section.

The poems in Jean Barker's laudable first volume, *Dream Barker and Other Poems* (Yale University Press, $3), are intensely personal. By the time we finish the mere thirty poems we know more than is good for us about a woman's first lovemaking, the deaths of her relatives and friends, her marriage, her childbearings, her daughter's christening, her dreamwork. But the poet has happily taken over from the woman, and the poet's achievement has been to figure a world of precise awareness that is—or should be—everyone's. In the same way the poet transforms what might remain as mere bitterness into a valuable wryness. Her precision and delicacy (as in "First Love") are remarkable; her irony (as in "For Teed") is terrifying and persuasive. Her style is unostentatiously her own:

> I cannot find the words to leave
> you with.
> This way love's conversation, the body
> and mind of it, goes
> On after love: we shall come to call
> this love,
> And this roar in our ears which before
> very long
> We become, we shall call our song.

But there is one recent poet who ventures things that are not in any way diminished: Irving Feldman, whose second book, *The Pripet Marshes and Other Poems* (Viking, $3.50), attains a valuable seriousness. Feldman writes as a survivor, with all the guilt, relief, and sharpened perception of one born too late to have been starved in the Warsaw ghetto or consumed in the German furnaces.

The triumph of this book is "The Pripet Marshes," a poem in sophisticated Whitmanian idiom that reads as if Feldman were actually mindful of Whitman's own words: "Poets to come . . . you must justify me." Here the poet places his young Jewish friends momentarily in a doomed Russian town, only to snatch them to salvation just as the German motorcyclists arrive. The effect is dramatic, intelligent, and tender, the poem is impossible ever to forget. Other admirable enterprises are the poems on Picasso's paintings, and "In Time of Troubles," "Manhattan," and "To the Six Million," an elegy suggestive of Eliotic ritual:

> Survivor, who are you?
> Ask the voices that disappeared,
> The faces broken and expunged.
> I am the one who was not there.
> Of such accidents I have made
> my death.

Writing as a human being with human values, Feldman restores substance to the materials of lyric, and it is his achievement to do so without rushing into portentousness or politics. This book is an exciting gesture of promise, both for Feldman's future and for the future of American poetry.

Rhyme and Revelation

The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself, *edited by Stanley Burnshaw, T. Carmi, and Ezra Spicehandler (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 220 pp. $5.75), introduces an area of poetry previously unknown to most English readers. Louis Untermeyer is a noted poet and anthologist.*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FIVE years ago Stanley Burnshaw published *The Poem Itself*, a new approach to the problems of translation as well as a fresh appraisal of European poetry of the last century put into English. It did not follow the methods of most translators; it did not offer adaptations of the originals in another language with the usual compromise between music and meaning.

Realizing that an English translation of, say, Baudelaire or Apollinaire is something different from the tone and texture of the French poets, and remembering Frost's quip that poetry is that which gets lost in translation, Burnshaw enlisted three associates, Dudley Fitts, John Frederick Nims, and Henri Peyre. Their task was not to paraphrase or approximate, but, avoiding the cramping requirements of rhyme and rhythm, to offer translations that were not only literal but also meaningful and, first of all, accurate. The French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian poems, printed in their own languages, were followed by illuminating line-by-line (and sometimes word-by-word) analyses.

In *The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself* Burnshaw has gone further. With the aid of two Hebrew scholars, T. Carmi and Ezra Spicehandler, he has arranged the first anthology of modern Hebrew poetry to appear in English. Moreover, it is presented so that the reader can grasp not only the sense but the sound. Each poem is printed in the original Hebrew accompanied by a phonetic English transcription. Thus the reader can savor the richness of the music made by the contrasting vowels and consonants. To make it easier, there is an appended guide to pronunciation, an outline history of modern Hebrew poetry, and a note on Hebrew prosody.

However, the chief importance of the work is its presentation of an area practically unknown to the English reader; for, with the exception of Bialik, none of the twenty-four poets included has had an appreciable (or appreciative) audience outside of Israel. It is an exciting discovery. One not only hears the accents of a strangely beautiful tongue but feels the impact of a new literature, a poetry that combines an ancient tradition with the most experimental techniques. The book discloses a rebirth that is a revelation.

This almost miraculous achievement is accomplished again and again by the individual poets. Amir Gilboa, one of the most powerful of the moderns, gives Biblical themes a dramatically startling

(*Continued on page* 45)

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—Sigurdur Thorarinsson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

SURTSEY—CHILD OF AN EXPANDING EARTH?

MISS MARIE THARP, a Michigan land surveyor's daughter, was charting the floor of the North Atlantic Ocean. Up and down her pencil went as her drawing hand moved across the charting paper, following the rise and fall of soundings made from shipboard. Patient stroke by slow and patient stroke, she traced a profile from Martha's Vineyard to Gibraltar. When that was done, she traced another along a different route between the same two points of land, followed by still another along a third route from Cape Henry to Rio de Oro.

The pencil moved on. Time passed. At last, on the table before Marie, six profiles lay complete. She could draw no more. All the available sounding data was exhausted.

There had been more data, much more, and much more exact. The Germans had assembled it before World War II. But it had been destroyed in the wartime bombing of Berlin. Those six profiles of Marie's amounted to an encyclopedia of the best that remained in all the libraries of earth.

Marie looked down at her work and wondered what it meant. Not much was known about the ocean floor in that year 1952 that had not been known for a quarter-century and vaguely suspected for half a century before then. The British research ship *Challenger* during its famous cruise around the world in 1873 had dropped a 200-pound weight on a hempen line every 100 miles across the North Atlantic and so discovered that the middle of the ocean was only half as deep as two broad troughs that lay about a third of the way across from either shore. Because of the wide separation of the soundings, the midway elevation could be identified only as a "swell" until the German ship *Meteor* pioneered echo-sounding on a grand scale in 1925-6-7. The echoes destroyed all possibility that the "swell" might be a flat plateau; it was plainly a rugged mountain range.

Marie looked down at the profile of those mountains and saw what looked to her like a valley which, if it really existed, would dwarf the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. If her supposition was right, this valley ran for hundreds of miles, plunged from a mile to a mile-and-a-half below the tops of the scarps on either side of it, was eight miles wide at its narrowest defile and thirty miles across its widest sweep.

True, she could see the valley clearly only on the first three of her profiles (see page 34). And they were many miles apart. But on all of them the valley occupied roughly the same relative place—the very crest of the mountain chain.

Well, Marie thought, it was at least worth mentioning to her superior on the ocean-mapping project, Bruce Heezen, a young oceanographer who was, like Marie, a midwesterner. He came from Iowa.

Heezen shrugged when she pointed it out. Yes, it might be a valley. But then, again, it might not. With the few bits of data available, nothing could be said with certainty.

Marie filed the six profiles in the slowly accumulating library of original documents of Columbia University's new Lamont Geophysical Observatory, perched on the Palisades of the Hudson River. The observatory had come into being suddenly three years earlier, when Mrs. Thomas Lamont's desire to dispose of an old property on the Palisades coincided with a tempting faculty offer from Massachusetts Institute of Technology to Columbia geophysicist Maurice Ewing. To keep the imaginative Ewing in its own campus family, Columbia had moved his geophysical laboratory out of two basement rooms just off crowded Manhattan's Broadway into the spacious old Lamont mansion on the cliffs along the Hudson. And Ewing at the start had staked out the sea bottom as one of the major research provinces he intended to explore from his high and airy lookout.

Precisely how long the profiles so patiently drawn by Marie rested in the files undisturbed, no one can now recall. But from the dates of later documents it is evident that less than a year went by before the Bell Telephone Laboratories sought young Heezen's help in discovering causes of breaks in trans-Atlantic phone cables. Earthquakes were obvious suspects, and Heezen asked Marie to chart the cable partings in relation to known quake epicenters.

Although there proved to be no significance in that relationship, Marie was surprised and amused by another coincidence. The earthquake loci were clustered in that valley she thought she saw on the top of the sea-bottom mountains.

When she drew Heezen's attention to this unexpected conjunction, some of her old excitement finally transferred itself to him. Were there signs of a mountain ridge in the South Atlantic, too? Did a valley bisect the ridge there, too? Were the earthquake epicenters clustered in that valley, too?

The quake data was readily available. Existence of some kind of barrier in mid-ocean could be assumed because the deepest water in the South Atlantic was known to be somewhat cooler in the west than in the east. Soundings that could confirm the presence of a mountain chain were rare, however, and the profiles Marie was able to draw from them were scanty. Yet they were enough to give a clear affirmative answer to Heezen's questions. He took the results to Ewing, whose mind always worked in global perspective. Ewing knew that the earthquake belt swung south of Africa from the Atlantic into the Indian Ocean. And there was, on the floor of

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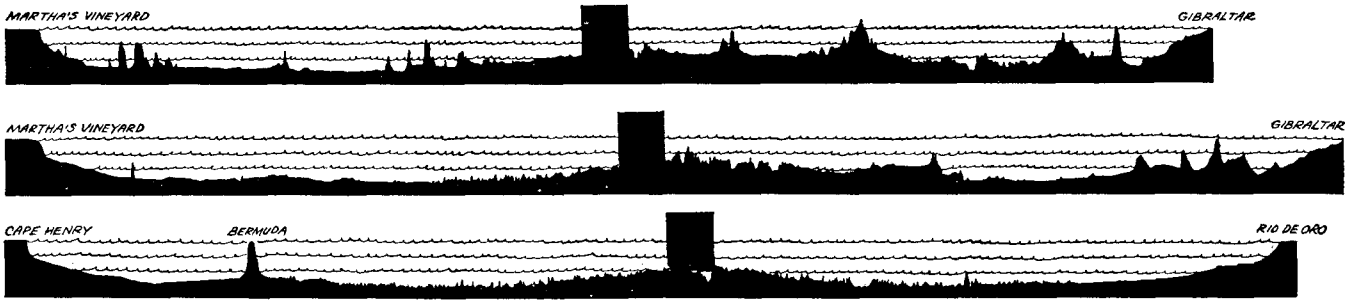


—from Special Paper 65, The Geological Society of America, Inc.

Marie Tharp's first three profiles of the North Atlantic ocean floor, with mid-ocean ridge valley marked in color.

the Indian Ocean, an upward-jutting spine called the Carlsberg Ridge. What did Indian Ocean soundings show of a valley running through the top of that ridge?

Again the soundings were sparse. But they did show the valley. It was again coincident with the earthquake belt.

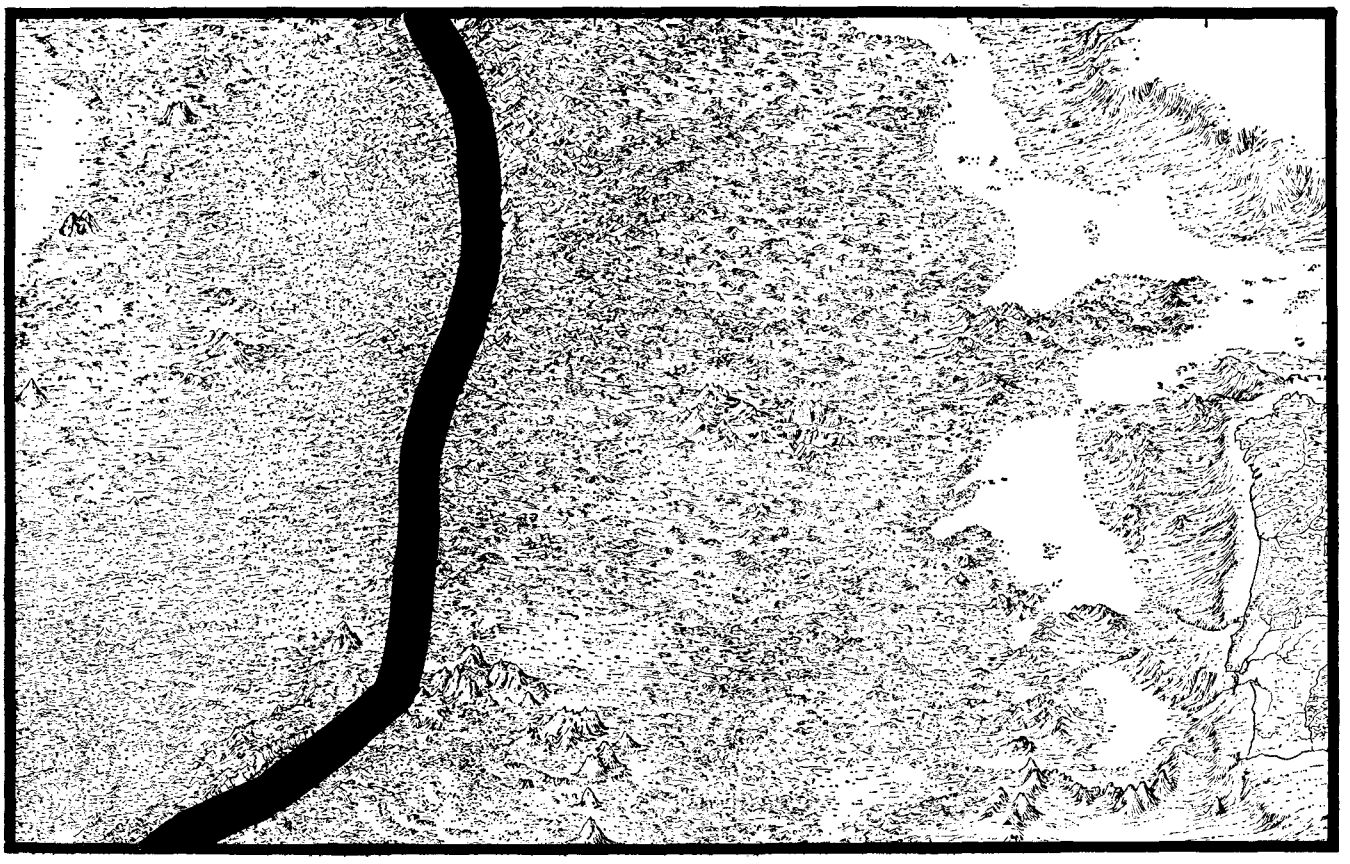
What about the so-called Albatross Plateau in the Pacific off Mexico? Was its crest punctuated by a valley?

It was!

Up to that time, the mid-Atlantic Ridge and the Carlsberg Ridge and the Albatross Plateau had been considered isolated sea-floor phenomena. But discovery of a valley in the top of each of them, and in the top of a mountain chain on the bottom of the South Atlantic, too, suggested that all belonged to a theretofore unsuspected geographic entity of global proportions.

This was a major discovery about the nature of planet earth. It held too many implications to be talked about loosely. But by 1955 Heezen was confident enough to make a verbal report at a meeting of the American Geophysical Union. In the following year, Heezen and Ewing formally predicted that the mid-Atlantic ridge would be found to be only a segment of a sea-bottom feature that meandered all over the planet. And in 1959 a scientific paper signed by Heezen, Tharp, and Ewing described details of "a mid-ocean ridge" 40,000 miles in length—"an active geotectonic feature of equal rank, in terms of areal extent and probable global significance, to the continents and the ocean-basin floor."

Longer and broader than the Alpine-Himalayan mountain system above sea level, the great underwater ridge crossed every ocean, including the Arctic, where the nuclear submarines *Nautilus* and *Skate* ultimately confirmed the presence of the central valley (map, bottom of page 36). As more and more of the valley came to be identified, the realization grew that this rift was a continuous and continuously active fracture in the earth's crust. When movement of the opposing faces of the fracture passed a certain point of tension, earthquakes occurred. The rift valleys of East Africa and the San Andreas fault of California



Copyright © 1964, Bruce C. Heezen and Marie Tharp—The Geological Society of America, Inc.

The valley as it appeared on the map that emerged from the Lamont Geophysical Observatory's work.

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(map, top of page 36) thus could be seen as kindred continental manifestations of a mid-oceanic upwelling and partial melting of rocks from the depths of the earth.

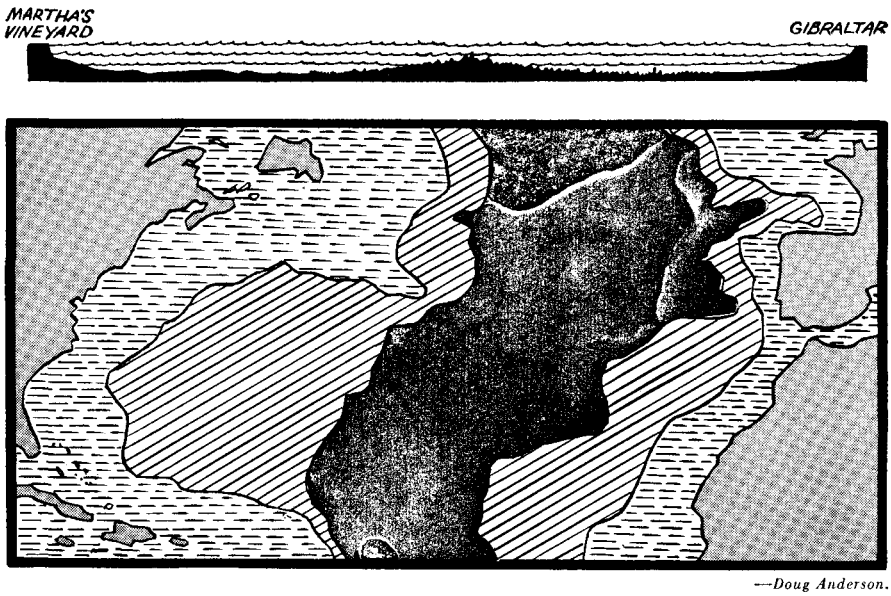
Whereas the margins of the continents had been known to be buried under five-to-ten-mile thicknesses of sediments, the mid-ocean valley and adjoining escarpments were found to be bare rock. Geologists estimated from the lightness of the overburden that the central valley's present walls could not have been in place longer than 1,000,000 years or (depending on the yardstick employed) perhaps no longer than 10,000 years. However, sediments on the flanks of the mid-ocean ridge (see sketch at right for perspective on its breadth) had been accumulating for at least 10,000,000 years and perhaps (again depending on the yardstick used) for 100,000,000 years. In other words, with the passage of time, the upwelling rock had been pushed progressively outward from both sides of the fissure through which it had risen in response to vast internal pressures of the planet.

NATURE'S first dramatization of the correctness of the Lamont Geophysical Observatory's theories took place before Heezen, Tharp, and Ewing had time to publish their definitive paper on the mid-ocean ridge. In September 1957, a submarine volcano erupted on the eastern periphery of the ridge in the North Atlantic, near Capelinhos rocks off the island of Fayal in the Azores (map, bottom of page 34). A new island emerged from this eruption and later joined itself to Fayal.

The ridge erupted again in autumn 1961, at two points half the earth apart, one in each hemisphere: Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic, Askja in Iceland on the Arctic Circle. Most of the people of Tristan were forced to abandon their island until that volcano quieted.

In the spring of 1963, four geologists working out of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts landed for a few precarious hours on five peaks of the mid-ocean ridge roughly halfway between Tristan and Iceland. These were the five islets of St. Peter and St. Paul Rocks, which barely break the surface of the water almost exactly on the equator, one third of the way out from Brazil toward Africa. The biggest of them is 400 feet long, 200 feet wide. Two of them rise as far as forty feet out of the sea.

There was no physical violence, in terms of volcanic display or earthquake shock, on St. Peter and St. Paul. There was high intellectual excitement. After knocking off scores of rock specimens with their field hammers, the geologists scrambled homeward. Back in the Woods Hole lab on Cape Cod, it was discovered that most of the rock samples were of peridotite, rich in olivine, the stuff many scientists suspect makes up the mantle underlying earth's crust. This substance, it is widely believed, is what drillers on the Mohole Project ultimately will find beneath the Mohorovicic discontinuity that separates the top layer of the planet from the layer immediately below. Yet there on the crest of the mid-ocean ridge, on the surface of St. Peter and St. Paul Rocks, this inner-earth stuff lay as unweathered as though the ocean-bottom mountain had pushed through the water on some geological yesterday.



—Doug Anderson.

Color above marks breadth of mid-Atlantic mountain range. Slanted lines denote deep water, broken lines the continental shelves.

In November of the year of that hurried equatorial expedition, the people of Heimay, in the Vestmann Island chain stretching southwest of Iceland, complained to each other about a sulfurous stench that fouled the air. For three days the offensive presence was a topic of general talk. No one could figure out where the smell originated.

Early on the third day, the trawler *Thorsteinn Thorskabitur* was making routine oceanic research observations six miles southwest of Geirfuglasker, southernmost of the Vestmanns (map, page 37). The crewmen took a temperature reading of the seawater, which was normally 44.6 degrees Fahrenheit. But this reading showed 48.9 degrees. So another reading was taken. By then the trawler had moved a little to the east of its former position. And the second reading showed the normal 44.6 degrees.

At 6:30 o'clock on the following morning, the fourteenth day of the month, the fishing vessel *Isleifur II* was four miles west of Geirfuglasker, at the end of a line it had been laying to mark out the day's work. Arni Gudmundsson, the engineer, and Gudmar Tomasson, the skipper, both noticed a strange smell that they thought must be coming from the waste water in the vessel's wake. Seeing nothing they could do to change the situation, they turned in for a nap.

Olafur Vestmann, the cook, was left on watch. About 7:15 a.m., he later told the skipper, the ship started to roll, as though it were caught in a whirlpool. As he walked past the bridge toward the stern on his way to waken his chief, Olafur saw—to the southeast—an indistinct something rising out of the sea in the twilight. At first he thought it looked like a rock. But then he saw that it was smoke.

A ship afire?

The cook called the skipper, and the skipper came on deck. He, too, thought a ship was burning, and he rang the Vestmann Islands coast guard on the ship-shore telephone. Had anyone heard an SOS? The coast guard said not.

Isleifur II just then was standing nine-tenths of a mile north of the low-lying smoke. Skipper Tomasson sent for his binoculars, and trained them to the south. As they swung onto the position of the mysterious happening, the smoke began to spurt upward in heavy black columns.

Even the least alert inhabitant of that region of the earth could not have been in doubt about the meaning of those columns. Volcanoes had shaped the history of Iceland throughout most of the 1,000 years since the initial meeting of the legislature elected by the first settlers from Norway—the true "mother of Parliaments." From the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries of the Christian era, one fiery Icelandic cone, Hekla by name, was known to churchmen all over Europe as the gateway to hell. By com-

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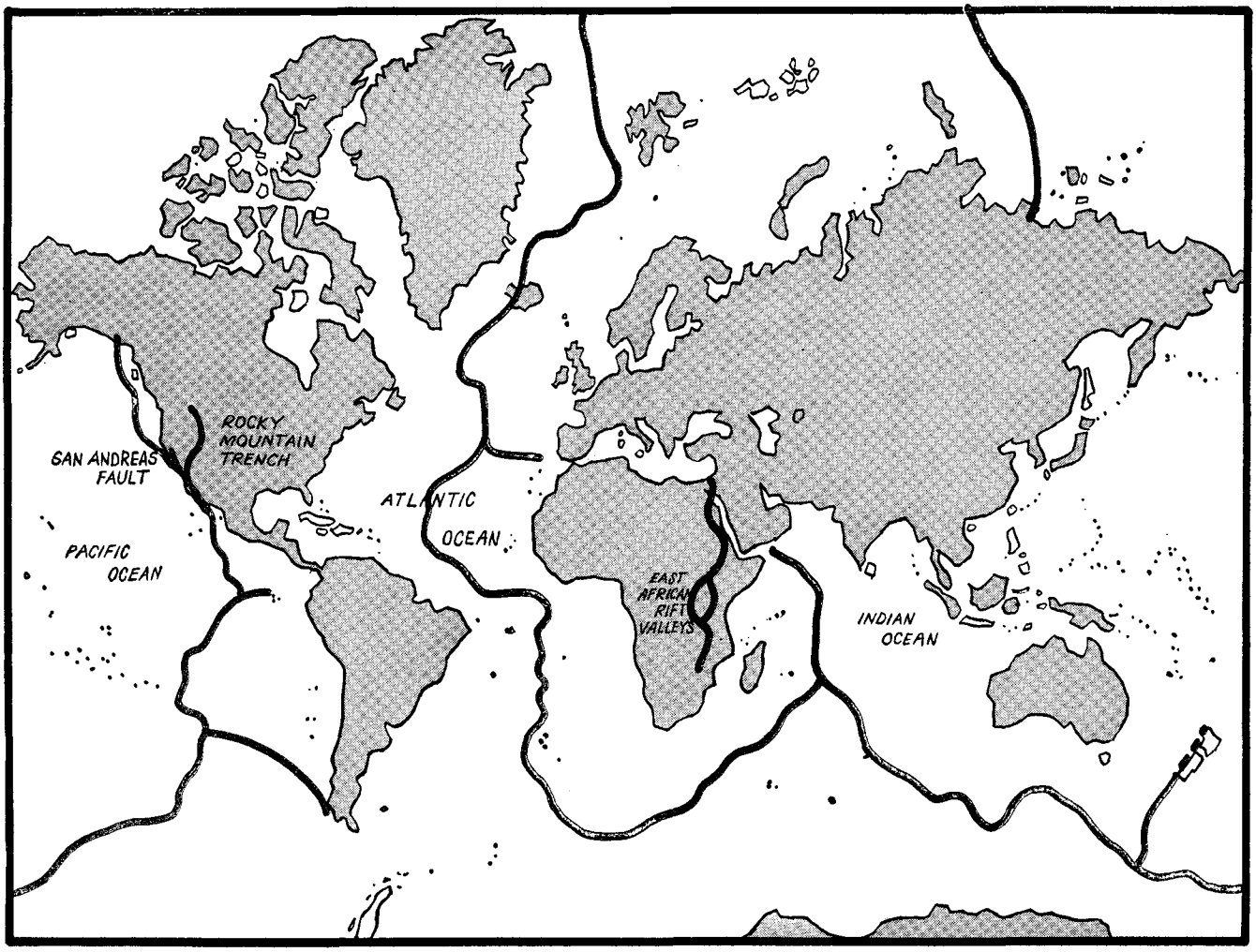

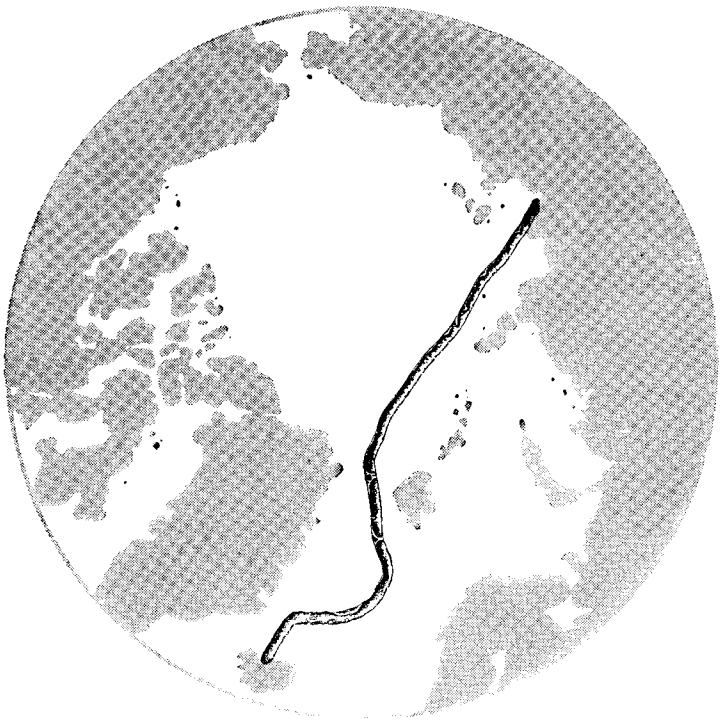

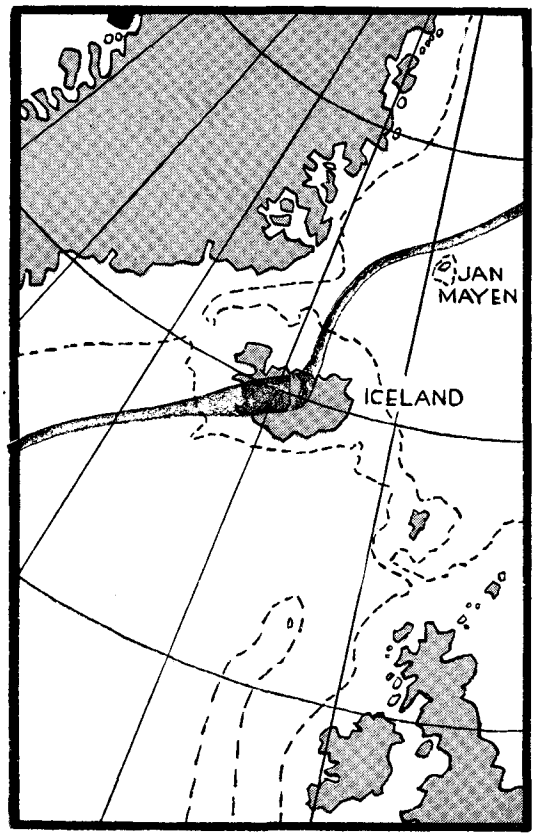

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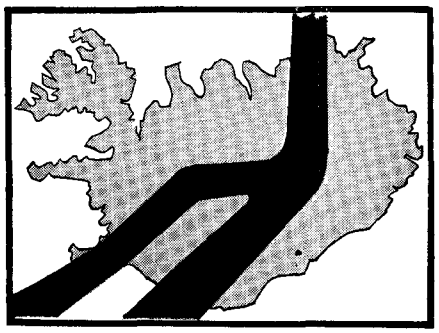

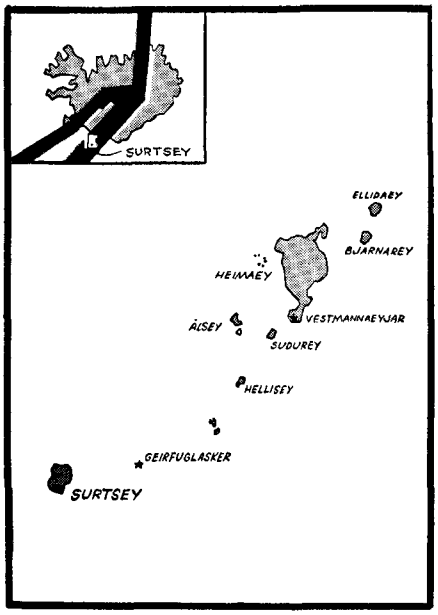

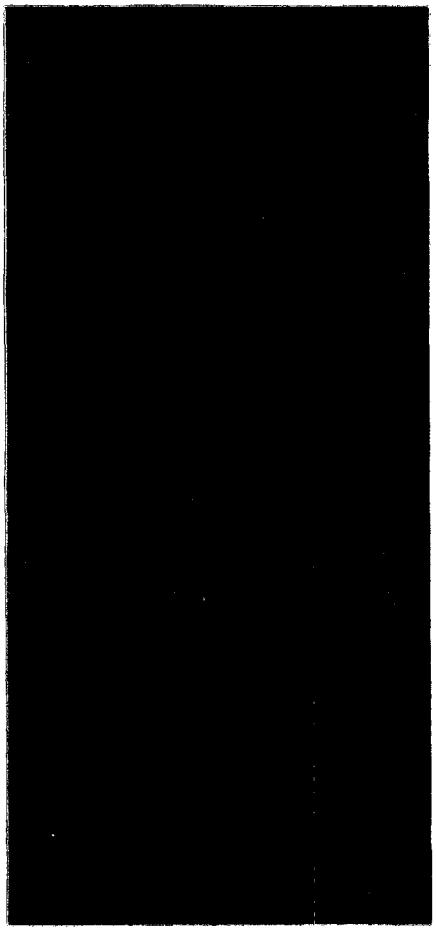

parison, travelers who had seen both said the Mediterranean's famed Mt. Etna was "a small stove."

The largest flow of lava ever seen by man had poured out of Iceland's rocks during seven months of the year 1783, covering 220 square miles—enough to bury the whole of Switzerland a foot deep. Blue haze from that long eruption floated across Europe and far into Asia. Plant life in Iceland withered in the polluted air, and cattle succumbed in such numbers that one-fifth of Iceland's human population starved to death. In more recent times, the island had suffered at least one volcanic upheaval in every span of five years.

So the *Isleifur II's* skipper Tomasson felt confident in phoning the Vestmann Islands coast guard again to announce the discovery of a new volcano.

This was much more interesting than fishing for cod. Skipper Tomasson turned his vessel toward the rising smoke. When he had closed the distance to half a mile, he saw that the seawater was boiling toward him. He shifted course while the volcano vent—still hidden under the surface—stretched itself northeastward.

By 8 a.m., the smoke was rising in two or three separate places to a height of 150 to 200 feet.

By 10 a.m., these columns of smoke were throwing stones and flashing fire. The temperature of the seawater roundabout went up to 51.8 degrees F.

By 10:30 a.m., when the first aerial photographs were taken by Icelandic scientists, the smoke columns were rising more than 10,000 feet into the sky.

By 11 a.m., the height of the columns reached two-and-a-half miles.

By 3 p.m., the several distinct columns of smoke had merged into a single curtain 1,500 feet across and more than three-and-a-half miles high, easily visible now from the Icelandic capital city, Reykjavik, seventy-five miles off. Where the smoke met the sea, waves began to break. The volcano cone had pushed itself 425 feet up from the sea bottom and close enough to the surface to disturb the water.

Sometime during the night that followed, a new island was born.

By the next morning, this tiny fire-spitting mountain peak stood thirty feet above the water.

Two weeks later, the new island received its first guests—some seagulls that alighted on it between eruptions.

A week after that, the first human visitors landed—three French photographers from *Paris-Match*, who hired a speedboat on Heimay. Because of the strangling sulfur fumes and intermittent showers of lava bombs, they fled after fifteen minutes ashore, lucky to be still alive.

The escapade of the Frenchmen precipitated a special meeting of the place name committee of the Icelandic government. If the volcano was going to be noticed abroad, it had to have a name. The committee voted to call the vent of the new volcano Surtur, after the giant who, according to Norse myth, came out of the south long ago with fire as a weapon to fight Frey, the god of fertility. The island that Surtur had brought forth was named, in Icelandic fashion, Surtsey.

Now the Vestmann islanders, living within a dozen miles of this newcomer from the sea bottom, were not especially pleased by their unexpected neighbor's manners. Its vomiting covered their houses with a thick layer of dirty gray ash when the wind blew from the southwest, making it impossible to draw drinking water in the usual way from the rooftop receptacles that caught the rain. Nevertheless, the volcano plainly belonged to the Vestmann archipelago, and the christening by the Icelanders (to whom the Vestmanns themselves belong) was considered arrogant. As a formal expression of their resentment, the Vestmann people sent a committee of seven of their own to the brink of the new volcano with a marker bearing what they thought a better name: Vesturey, or West Island. Though the seven narrowly escaped death in completing their mission, their heroism failed to move Iceland's place name committee. The new island's name went down on the maps as Surtsey.

FOR a brief time just after Christmas 1963, it looked as though Surtsey might have a twin. A turbulence ruffled the sea about halfway between the new volcano and the old island of Geirfuglasker to the northeast. Airplane pilots passing overhead saw fire flashing beneath the water at half-second intervals. Clouds of steam and smoke broke through the surface and towered skyward. But the excitement ceased as mysteriously as it began. Soundings made in mid-February 1964 disclosed that a sharp ridge had pushed within seventy feet of the water and then stopped.

Sigurdur Thorarinsson, Iceland's foremost geophysicist, one of the men who named Surtsey, began scientific exploration of the new island a month after the volcano Surtur first spoke out. He went ashore with an Icelandic colleague on December 16, 1963, returned and almost lost his life in a rain of lava bombs each a yard in diameter (mixed with enormous hailstones in which volcanic rock was imbedded in ice formed by rapidly condensing steam from the volcano fissure) on February 19, 1964, and has gone back scores of times in the volcano's subsequent months of quieter growth.

The central puzzle confronting him is whether Surtsey is a child of an ex-

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panding earth. Such a possibility is only now beginning to enjoy respectable discussion, although expansion of the planet was first suggested years ago. For a very long time it had been supposed that earth formed as a blazing ball of debris from the evolving sun, later cooled, and shrank in cooling, squeezing the mountains upward into their present places. After the physics of gases became better understood, the gas-ball model for a proto-earth was discarded because a gas-ball of that size would dissipate under the forces of its own dynamics. Astrophysicists then developed an alternate theory: that the earth originated in a cold state and later was heated from the inside by radioactive elements. In the process, iron and nickel, the heaviest elements, melted and sank to the planet's center, providing earth with a core capable of generating the magnetic fields we now recognize as the Van Allen belts.

THAT all present-day continents once existed as a single mass of land, and later drifted apart, is an old conception that acquired new life when the presence of a 40,000-mile-long mid-ocean ridge was confirmed. Especially after more of the heat from earth's interior was shown to come up through the ridge than anywhere else on the planet, the ridge was explained as a product of converging convection cells in earth's mantle.

Lamont Geophysical Observatory director Ewing joined the convectionists early in the mid-ocean ridge discussions. His colleague Heezen kept pointing out that whatever goes up has to come down. If the mid-ocean ridge marked the surface boundaries of rising convection cells, where on the earth's crust were the signs of the cells returning to the interior? Heezen pointed out that if a continent moved in response to a push from one side, the other side of the continent ought to produce an overlap of some kind. But the mid-ocean ridge, as its name states, is in the middle of all the oceans. Heezen therefore proposed that the ridge, and particularly the valley that Marie Tharp had discovered in it, be accepted as evidence that the earth was expanding, splitting its crust, and moving the continents in that fashion.

What would be the motive power behind the expansion? Heezen doesn't pretend to know. It could be related to the opposing pressures of the innermost core of the earth (density index: seventeen), the outer core (density index: twelve) and the surrounding mantle (density index: four and a half). Or, as Professors P. A.M. Dirac and R. H. Dicke have suggested, it may be a simple reaction to a gradual lessening of the weight of gravity as the universe expands and the galaxies move apart.

In a recent analysis published in *Nature*, a British physicist, Dr. K. M. Creer, offered drawings of two transparent plastic shells he molded to fit over globes, one proportional to the earth of today, the other proportional to an earth half as big. When all of today's continents were assembled on the latter, they fit roughly into one land mass that covered the surface of the sphere almost completely. The implication was that earth had been expanding slowly but steadily from its beginning 4,500,000,000 years ago, and that the land covering split first into two continents half a billion years ago and later into many.

Sigurdur Thorarinsson has not publicly entered this controversy in connection with Surtsey. But he has written a small, magnificently illustrated book about his experiences under the simple title: *Surtsey—the new island in the North Atlantic.*

Being a poet as well as a scientist, Thorarinsson sees everything through two sets of eyes. The esthetic set has etched in his memory, deepest of all of Surtsey's spectacles, the sight of the fountains of fire that shot 750 feet into the air during early February 1964. His scientific eyes have noted above all else the formation of a lava lake in April 1964—the first sign that a protective dome would harden and assure Surtsey long life.

Until the lava lake appeared, the new island lay in constant danger of extermination by the sea. The wind and the water fought the fire until the fire was able to pour itself into a pool and gather strength instead of blowing off its power in flighty gusts.

Before Surtsey, man had never witnessed the actual beginning of a lava lake. What will be learned from the mechanics of the process, only time can tell.

SURTSEY'S teachings already extend into scientific disciplines not ordinarily associated with volcanic eruptions. One of these is the physics of violent weather. Two of the cleverest students of this subject are Dr. Bernard Vonnegut and Charles Moore, of the Arthur D. Little engineering firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The work of Vonnegut and Moore had long been familiar to Capt. Paul S. Bauer, a retired officer of the U.S. Navy who also serves as adjunct professor of earth sciences at American University in Washington, D.C., and as a consultant to a sub-Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the U.S. House of Representatives. Since the waters around Surtsey are one of the richest sources of fish on earth, Capt. Bauer has close connections with the National Research Council of Iceland, headed by Dr. Steingrimur Hermannson.

Never having seen a volcano in eruption, Capt Bauer decided, upon reading of Surtsey in the newspapers, that he ought to seek Dr. Hermannson's help in seeing Surtsey. The captain hopped an airplane north, and watched the volcano from close-up two weeks after Surtsey broke the surface of the sea.

Captain Bauer was especially impressed by the unusually vivid displays of lightning that illuminated Surtsey's exhaust cloud. Returning home, he reported his impressions to Vonnegut and Moore, who went to Iceland at his urging.

The initial scientific findings of the Vonnegut-Moore expedition were published almost a year ago in the *Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society*. They had to do with whirlwinds, both waterspouts and tornadoes. A paper signed jointly by Thorarinsson and Vonnegut pointed out that whirlwinds elsewhere are rare or sporadic in occurrence, but downwind from erupting Surtsey, tornadoes or waterspouts were almost always hanging from the volcano exhaust plume. As the report summed it: "More often than not, there is at least one vortex downwind from the volcano."

"The formation of the vortices depends on the intensity of the volcanic eruptions and on the wind," the report declared. The whirlwinds "cease altogether when the volcano is quiescent, and during periods of activity their frequency and intensity is, on the whole, proportional to the intensity of the eruption. The vortices invariably form downward from the volcano, sometimes as little as a hundred meters or two [a meter is thirty-nine inches long] from the crater and at other times as much as a kilometer [six-tenths of a mile] away. . . . Usually the cloud mass from which the vortices are descending is a continuous plume that extends upwind to the volcano crater. An exception is shown . . . [SR/RESEARCH masthead photo, page 33] where a cloud that is completely detached from the volcano is making a vigorous vortex. . . .

"Since the whirlwinds are observed to occur under almost all kinds of weather conditions, it appears that the most critical requirement for their formation is . . . a sufficiently large and intense heat source. Since the vortices usually descend into a region affording no supply of energy, such as hot air, it is evident that in this situation they are a mere appendage and not a source of energy for the system. . . . Our observations suggest that the volcano is serving as a large concentrated source of heat."

The authors estimated that the heat released by Surtsey on a given time scale was comparable to the heat produced by lightning in severe thunder-storms of the American Midwest, where tornadoes often occur in company with lines of thunder squalls.

That last observation may become a major weight in shifting the direction

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—*Henry J. Survilas, Arthur D. Little, Inc.*

A pictorial "first" in science: nature shooting electric sparks in a stream of gas, rising from volcano Surtur.

of future research into why, how and when rain falls. The classic theory says that the electrical aspect of storms is a consequence of separation of oppositely charged drops of water. Much of the Vonnegut-Moore study heads the other way. The contention of these two dissenters from the conventional view has been that electricity helps to provoke rain. In the case of tornadoes, it is their belief that lightning generated in thunderstorms is somehow concentrated to power what amounts to a jet turbine engine, in which the turbine blades are formed of spinning air.

SURTSEY gave other support than the whirlwinds to the Vonnegut-Moore line of experimentation. The lightning flashes in the volcano cloud were shown to occur only when the volcano was spurting debris skyward at high velocity. According to a report published recently in *Science* by a research team of nine headed by Vonnegut, the Surtsey lightning bolts always appeared shortly after the start of vigorous eruptions and confined themselves to the youngest part of the cloud near the volcano crater. The time interval between the start of an eruption and the discharge of lightning from each new cloud was too short to allow accumulation of the necessary charge through any separation of particles that might have taken place after formation of the cloud. The electricity must have come up from within the volcano, in a stream of gas. Earlier experiments conducted by Dr. Duncan C. Blanchard, of Woods Hole, had shown that such a charge might have arisen from interaction of seawater splashing on hot lava.

Still another discovery made in the Surtsey exhaust cloud has a bearing on studies of the moon. Dr. Vonnegut reported this one at a symposium sponsored by the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics in Tokyo a few weeks ago. The discovery was that the volcano cloud seems to be made in part of rock that had been evaporated. If evaporation of this type should occur on the moon, from the heat of meteorite impact, the resulting particles could account for the "fairy castle" structure which astronomers like Dr. Thomas Gold think they see on the lunar face.

SO far as earthly ecology is concerned, the possibilities of Surtsey's future as a fount of knowledge are almost limitless. A Surtsey Research Society has been organized in Iceland, with Dr. Hermannson at its head, and 100 scientists from that island, Europe, and America have committed themselves to one or another aspect of a study program supported financially by the U.S. Office of Naval Research. Surtsey is like the Eden of the Biblical book of Genesis. Life must start anew there, from scratch. What comes first, and what follows? Microbes, insects, flowers, birds, animals—in what order?

THERE may be some surprises. As Sigurdur Thorarinsson has written, in regard to geology, having in mind that Iceland sits on top of the mid-ocean ridge and is being split apart by the upwelling of earth's interior:

"An Icelander who has studied geology and geomorphology at foreign universities is later taught by experience in his own homeland that the time scale he had been trained to attach to geological developments is misleading. . . . What elsewhere may take thousands of years may be accomplished here in one century. All the same he is amazed whenever he goes to Surtsey, because there the same development may take a few weeks or even a few days."

A few months after those words were set down, as though to emphasize their message, another volcano pushed above the water just south of Surtsey.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—U.C.L.A.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into a second cataclysmic change in the atmosphere of earth? Are all the life forms on the planet doomed to asphyxiation unless they adapt to survive poisonous gases, as life long ago had to adapt to survive free oxygen when the methane disappeared from the original atmosphere?*

Geophysicists have worried about the accelerating ratio of carbon dioxide in the air since the earliest days of the industrial revolution. In the last decade, politicians have also come to understand that what we are breathing now is a steadily thickening soup of gases and particulate solids.

Unfortunately, to acknowledge the existence of air pollution and to talk about its alleviation are not synonymous with realistic analysis of the problem. The genuine complexes are not even grasped, much less attacked on a practical level, by most

BY MORRIS NEIBURGER
University of California

MOST studies of atmospheric diffusion carried out heretofore have relatively little relevance to air pollution. The theoretical studies have been concerned (with some exceptions) with ideal situations which are sufficiently simple to be solved, at least approximately, and the experimental investigations have been carried out in situations which approximate the idealizations as nearly as possible in order to test the theory.

Perhaps I should interrupt myself long enough to explain to nonspecialists just what is meant by atmospheric diffusion. In the old days when people took cream in their coffee it was simple to illustrate from their daily experience. If poured into the coffee very slowly and not stirred, the cream would remain a long time where it was poured, and only slowly mix with the dark brown brew. Stirring with a spoon creates an irregular motion we call mechanical turbulence, which speeds up the horizontal and vertical spread of the cream and its rapid mingling with the coffee to form a uniform mixture. This spread and mixing is the process known as diffusion.

If the cream were poured first and then the coffee, the tendency of the light cream to rise to the top and the heavy coffee to sink would create convection, which would further tend to mix the two, even in the absence of mechanical stirring. In this case we speak of the stratification as *unstable*, whereas when the heavier fluid is at the bottom we say it is stable. The degree of stability and the amount of mechanical turbulence are the factors which determine the rate of diffusion in the atmosphere.

Research studies of turbulent diffusion in the atmosphere have been concerned for the most part with the case where there is a steady wind blowing over smooth terrain under neutral conditions of stability, with the magnitude of turbulent fluctuations only a small fraction of the average wind. There are good reasons, of course, for attempting to develop a theory for this simplest case and testing it experimentally before proceeding to the more complex real situation. I do not mean to minimize the importance of such attempts, nor their difficulty. But in the actual situations which produce high concentrations of air pollution the average wind speed is only a little different from zero, with the turbulent variations as large as the mean wind, with buildings, hills, trees, and even moving elements such as vehicular traffic in place of the smooth ground assumed in the theory, and with inversions varying in intensity and thickness. Until the theory treats the case of light variable winds, irregular terrain, and strong but variable stability, it will have little applicability to atmospheric pollution.

Furthermore, most of the theoretical and experimental studies have dealt with single point sources—either instantaneous or continuous and constant—or line sources. But for the air pollution problems of cities, industrial complexes, and megalopolises, it is necessary to deal with multiple sources or area sources with intensities varying in space and time. Some small starts have been made in investigating this type of source. One of its special characteristics is the fact that for area sources one is interested not only in the concentrations of pollutants at a distance, but more particularly at points within the source area.

A third complication is that the pollutants undergo changes after they have been emitted. The effect of gravitational settling out of particulates has been taken into account in some studies, but I know of none which take into consideration the chemical and photochemical reactions in which the gaseous contaminants participate as they diffuse in the atmosphere. For the determination of the concentrations of toxic substances it is clear that the reactions which produce them must be considered.

To treat simultaneously all these complications—light and unsteady wind, temperature structure, irregular terrain, multiple and area sources of variable intensity, and chemical reactions as the pollutants diffuse—is indeed a forbidding prospect, and it is not surprising or blameworthy that the investigators until now have not faced it. But before we can say that we know how to predict the pollution intensities we will have to do the simultaneous equations.

Finally, with respect to the problems of diffusion air pollution, we must have studies of the ways in which pollutants are removed from the atmosphere (apart from the absorption in our lungs and other tissues), and the rates at which these processes go on. While diffusion continuously dilutes the concentration of contaminants, there must be processes which finally remove them; otherwise the background level of pollution of "pure" air would gradually rise. We do not actually know to what extent the background of particulate and gaseous contaminants is increasing, except possibly with respect to carbon dioxide. It would be very desirable to establish benchmark average values in places remote from existing sources of pollution for use in the future to determine at what rate, if any, the background levels are changing. And it would be very desirable that the mechanisms of atmospheric cleansing be studied.

What is the value of this increased knowledge of the real processes of diffusion, transformation, and removal of pollutants in the atmosphere? The knowledge itself will not reduce the concentration of pollutants, of course, nor do I think that it will point to ways of altering the diffusion or removal process once the pollutants are in the atmosphere. I have on occasion examined various proposals for weather modification to accomplish these purposes in Los Angeles. Besides un-

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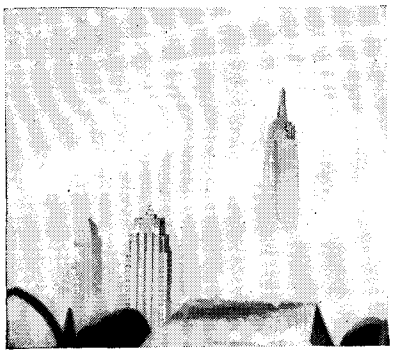
On taking the poison out of the soup we breathe.

discussants of the problem. An exception on this frustrating frontier of megapolitan civilization is Professor Morris Neiburger, of the department of meteorology, University of California at Los Angeles. After ten years as a U.S. Weather Bureau observer, Dr. Neiburger taught meteorology first at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later at California. Three years ago he resigned the chairmanship of California's meteorology department to undertake deeper research into atmospheric processes. He has published papers on wind trajectories in relation to the movement of polluted air, and on the nature and size of particles in clouds, fog, and haze. He served on the air pollution abatement committee of the American Meteorological Society from 1952 to 1957, and continued to exert influence on pollution research during his 1962-63 presidency of the Society. The observations below are from the "Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society."



—FPG.

desirable side effects, the procedures proposed would require tremendous expenditures of energy comparable to all the power produced in the United States. What the understanding I am advocating will do is enable the estimation of the effects produced by increases in sources of pollution either due to construction of particular industrial installations or to shifts in population or to continuous increase in population and the accompanying increase in pollution emitted per person as "civilization" progresses. Likewise, it will enable estimation of the effects of control measures introduced to reduce or eliminate sources of pollution. To know how dangerous the untrammeled growth of population and industrialization may be, or how desirable any particular control measure may be, we must be able to make these estimates. The greater the danger, or the more expensive the control measure, the more worthwhile it is to have the meteorological knowledge which enables us to estimate the effects.

LOOKING into my smoggy crystal ball I see alternately two visions of the future—let us say the year 2064—one pessimistic and disheartening, the other optimistic, hopeful, and probably unrealistic.

The pessimistic view is that in the course of the next century, as the population grows, as the power demands per capita increase both in the already industrialized nations and in the developing countries where there is so much need for it, the amount of waste poured into the atmosphere by these activities will far exceed the atmosphere's capacity to diffuse and to remove the waste, and the atmosphere will grow progressively more polluted until, a century from now, the air is too toxic to permit human life. All of civilization will pass away, not from a sudden cataclysm, but from gradual suffocation by its own effluents.

Such a prospect is not pleasant to face, so we shall not face it and do something about it, but instead will let it creep up on us. Only after it has progressed to the point where it will be extremely difficult and expensive to take any steps to combat it will the public be aroused to demand that something be done. And even then people will be unwilling to have any of their own activities curtailed or to have their own taxes increased to pay for the effort to prevent the disaster. Mankind will sink into its smoggy doom through inertia and irresponsibility.

The prospect is unpleasant for me to face as well, and while I am prepared to say to you 100 years from now "I told you so," I turn hastily to the more pleasant prospect of my other vision.

This view of the future is based on the unlikely premise that humans will at some time in the near future take stock of their relationship to the natural resources on which the very existence of human life and civilization is based. When the human species was young there was no need for concern: the resources available seemed boundless, and the only problem was to find ways to exploit them. As human population increases exponentially and as the per capita utilization of resources goes up even more rapidly, it becomes evident that there are bounds to the supply, not only of raw materials for luxuries but of food for life's very sustenance. While the increasing demand for food places other requirements on meteorologists, in terms of climate control, it does not threaten the air resource the way the power demands do if they are to be satisfied by combustion of fossil fuels.

To illustrate the consequences of unrestricted use of fossil fuels, just imagine the smog which would accumulate in the atmosphere if every one of the 800 million Chinese drove a gasoline-powered automobile, as every Los Angeleno does. And, of course, as the living standards of the developing countries rise, we may well expect that all Chinese, Indians, Africans, etc., will demand the same freedom of mobility that we Americans have.

I do not believe it will be possible to devise controls for internal-combustion engines which will reduce the noxious effluents adequately. What is required is a radical new approach to the problem of motive power for transportation. My optimistic hope is that humanity will recognize the need and take the drastic steps required before it is too late.

A conceivable alternative, for instance, might be an electric-powered automobile. Thus one can visualize a battery pack of the size of the gasoline tank in present automobiles, such that a single charge would provide adequate power to propel a car at reasonable speeds, say up to sixty miles per hour, for a distance comparable to that which a tankful of gasoline presently carries a car. One would be able to drive into a service station every 200 miles (say) and have the battery pack replaced by a freshly charged one, paying for the cost of the charging of the battery plus a part of its depreciation. The battery pack would completely take the place of the gas tank; its replacement when discharged would correspond to filling the tank. From the operational viewpoint the electric car would then be equivalent to the gasoline or diesel automobile. If the premise of adequate power and speed were satisfied, the users would be, too. And from the pollution standpoint the burning of fossil (or nuclear) fuel would be carried out in centralized electric-generating plants located away from populated sections and operated under optimum conditions of combustion efficiency and effluent control so that the pollution would be minimized both as to amount and effect.

That this concept is unduly optimistic is seen when one considers the problems which would arise from the change

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Our poisoned breath.

from gasoline to electric automobiles. A complete reorganization of industry would be required—not alone the manufacturers of engines and parts and the refiners of gasoline, but also the distributors of the fuel. Gasoline refineries, tank trucks, storage facilities, gas pumps—all the aspects of the distribution of gasoline—would be obsolete, and the manufacturers of these facilities would have to turn to other products.

If the change could be carried out slowly and progressively there might be a chance of its taking hold without overall planning and direction—perhaps imposition. But it is a chicken-and-the-egg matter: No one would buy the envisaged electric car unless he were assured that wherever he went he could get the battery pack exchanged; no one would stock the battery packs and set up the recharging facilities unless he were sure there would be a reasonable demand for them; no manufacturer would make the packs, or for that matter the cars, until he were sure that people were ready to buy them; and most fundamental of all, no one would invest in the development of the battery pack or the car in the face of the very small likelihood that the whole automotive industry would be revolutionized thereby.

The only hope is for the people as a whole, through their government, to force the issue. Faced by the prospect, however distant, of annihilation of the population by smog, they could require the development of a smog-free automobile and the systematic reorganization of industry for its manufacture and servicing. The reorganization would have to be carried out in ways which would minimize unemployment or sudden dislocations for the labor force as well as protect the interests of the owners of existing plants and facilities. But the interests of the whole population as consumers of our air resource should take priority, and if this consideration would become policy all others would fall into place.

Speaking of the interests of individual manufacturers versus public interest, I am reminded of an example which shows that the industrialists do not necessarily know where their true interest lies. When the Los Angeles Air Pollution Control District was created one of its first actions was to adopt a rule which in effect required chemical plants, including oil refineries, to recover sulfur gases (H_2S, SO_2) previously emitted from their stacks. The industries objected at first. When they complied they found that for most of them the sale of the sulfur thus recovered more than paid for the process of its removal from the emitted gases.

This example, to me, raises the question whether our whole economic operation, based as it is on what I would call the principle of "irretrievable consumption," should not be restudied. As I indicated earlier, we are becoming aware of the limits of our natural resources. Yet we continue to scrap and bury metals and mine ores of lower and lower yield, to burn or bury paper and grind our remaining forests into pulp, to wash our waste water and sewage into the sea and seek sources of fresh water and fertilizer. As the resources become scarcer and more expensive, the relative costs of reclamation will doubtless at some time make the recovery and re-use of our waste products economically desirable. Perhaps already now, if other values were counted, such as the esthetic values of forests and the unesthetic offensiveness of scrap heaps of old cars, it might be worth undertaking the grinding of the tons of paper each of us discards into pulp for re-use, and the reclamation and re-use of the metal scrap which our civilization produces in such abundance. If we start now, perhaps we can, by the year 2064, look forward to a balanced use of our natural resources, with minimal dissipation of them.

Postscript.

Electrically powered automobiles, moderately popular fifty years ago when the idea of motorized propulsion of the individual was new, almost disappeared in the speed craze generated by the gasoline-powered buggy. Today only one thirty-to-forty-miles-per-hour model is made.

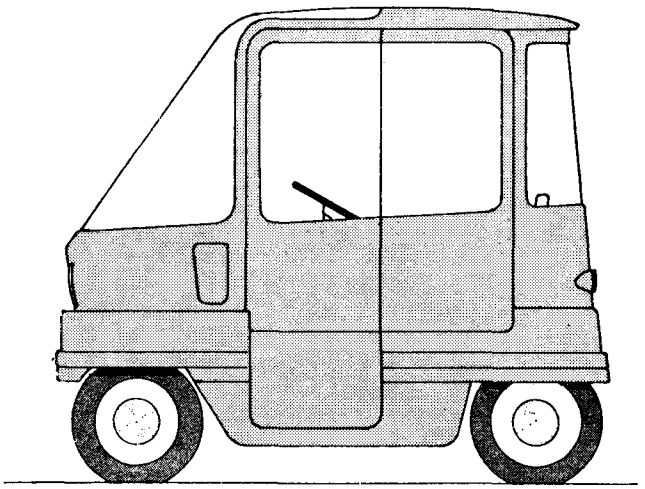
Scientific interest in the future of the electric automobile is reflected in the sketch (right) from a recent Battelle Memorial Research Institute report written by William T. Reid and published in *The Battelle Technical Review*. The sketch shows a two- or three-passenger vehicle not unlike the taxicabs of London, England. The advantage of this particular design lies in its center of gravity, due to weight considerations explained below.

Three known methods could be used to run an electric auto: (1) kinetic energy could be stored in a flywheel with an electric rotor, which could be charged with energy before starting a trip; (2) electric current could be fed to a driving gear through magnets buried in the roadway and energized from central power stations like those which now supply current to homes, offices, and factories; (3) electricity could be stored in a reservoir in the car, as energy is now stored in the gas tank of a piston-driven auto.

At present, the most likely of the three choices is the storage reservoir, which means either a battery or a fuel cell.

According to the Battelle report, batteries capable of operating a motor of sufficient size continuously would weigh as much as the remainder of the car and perhaps twice that weight. The price of the car would jump from fifty to 300 per cent over present market prices.

By substituting fuel cells for batteries, the Battelle report estimates, the additional weight could be cut to half the present-day car's weight and still reach a cruising range of 150 miles at a speed of forty miles per hour. The running cost would be comparable to that of today's gasoline motor.



—*Battelle Technical Review.*

Fuel cells are already widely used in propelling fork-lift trucks, golf carts, cement bucket carriers on building construction jobs, and experimental miniature submarines.

One of the earliest and simplest fuel cells takes hydrogen and oxygen from electrolized water and passes them through a pool of potassium hydroxide. The hydrogen combines with the hydroxide to form water plus free electrons. The free electrons flow off in an electric current while the potassium from the potassium hydroxide combines with the incoming oxygen to form more hydroxide to combine with the incoming hydrogen and free more electrons for continuous power. —J.L.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Governing Medicine

YOUR ARTICLE "Who Should Govern Medicine?" [*SR*, June 5] seemed most inappropriately located under "SR/Research-Science & Humanity." Certainly it was neither very scientific, nor did it represent any investigation that could be dignified by the term "research." Truly, it is most disturbing to find one whose influence must be considerable among an intelligent reading public, who is so careless—so superficial—and so inaccurate—as you have shown yourself to be in this mixed and muddled presentation about American medicine. The four paragraphs in the middle column of page 39, beginning "Simply" are simply astounding in their expression of naïveté or of abysmal ignorance. Surely they can't represent your careful and considered thoughts. The whole emotional and erratic presentation is filled with inconsistencies and flights of fancy ranging from sweeping generalizations to the most minuscule trivialities of a neurotic —and I am sure, hypochondriacal—patient just in the hospital for a rest. It hardly fulfills your obligation to serious and thoughtful readers who are entitled to a much more mature and considered article, expressed more lucidly and logically, reflecting adequate familiarity with the subject.

JERE W. ANNIS, M.D.,
Watson Clinic.
Lakeland, Fla.

I MUST take issue with John Lear's article, "Who Should Govern Medicine?" He is erroneous on several points. At present there is no matching program for resident physicians comparable to that for interns. Furthermore, I am sure that the number of residencies with starting salaries of $10,000 can be counted on one hand. Probably the median starting salary is closer to $4,000 for a physician who has had nine years of training since high school.

The article includes five graphs, but the text makes no mention of them because they have no relevance to the text. Yet all five of the graphs need further elucidation, particularly the graph of the doctor shortage. No indication is made of the physician per capita ratio that is ideal.

The last one and a third columns are not related to the title, but are two accounts of unfortunate occurrences in a hospital. I am sure in any occupational field instances of mismanagement can be found.

It is true a change in the practice of medicine is occurring in all aspects. However, inaccurate articles without any real insight into the problem are not contributing to this change.

STUART J. SCHWARTZ, M.D.
Resident in Urology.
Richmond, Va.

JOHN LEAR'S ARTICLE entitled "Who Should Govern Medicine?" touches on many of the important issues which have recently been brought into new perspective by the Coggeshall report.

The answer to the question posed by the title is clear. Medicine is an indispensable social institution. Ultimately, it must be governed by society and it must always remain responsive to society's needs. I doubt whether this is at issue between the Association of American Medical Colleges and the American Medical Association. The most important issue at this time is whether society's needs are best served by the modified "Guild System" of individual private practice, which is pursued by the majority of members of the American Medical Association, or by a more formally integrated system of which the university medical center is the best example. The "Guild System" has served this country well and its strongest asset is the direct personal responsibility for patient care which it implies. The "Center System" has evolved rapidly since World War II and has the advantages of size, specialization, and integration. From its position close to the source of new knowledge, it has proved more responsive to change and has introduced most new methods of medical care.

Mr. Lear is right when he implies a revolution in the sense that American medicine has already undergone revolutionary change since the Flexner report in 1910. However, he is wrong to imply that the deans of medical schools in this country represent a powerful oligarchy which has only to stir itself into action in order to become a "lever for radical change." As a new member of the "dean's club" I am much more impressed by the conservative constraints on my actions by university, state, and federal regulation of accrediting bodies and organized medicine than I am by my power to alter the course of medicine "simply by voting" as a member of an insular clique.

I am also disturbed by Mr. Lear's implication that the number of graduates from medical schools in this country has been deliberately restricted by a gentleman's agreement. The doors of our schools cannot be thrown open to all applicants, lest the quality of our graduates suffer. Society must understand that a poorly trained physician is a far greater menace than no physician at all. The number of unfilled internships and residencies in community hospitals is a particularly spurious index of a shortage since many of these positions are created to attract cheap, professional labor and offer the trainee little more than a good opportunity to learn bad habits.

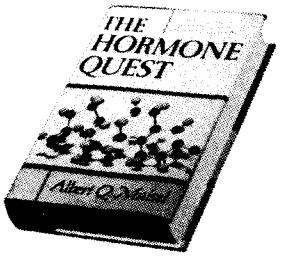
It would be tragic if the Coggeshall report, or any other blueprint for the shape of medicine to come, should drive a wedge between the "Guild" and the "Center" Systems. The purpose of such reports should be to point the way for continued evolution of a balanced system of private *vs.* public, solo *vs.* group, and "Guild" *vs.* "Center." It is in this way that society can best be assured of continued high quality medical care.

JOSEPH STOKES III, M.D.
Dean,
School of Medicine,
University of California.
San Diego, Calif.

I HAVE READ, unfortunately a week late, John Lear's article, "Who Should Govern Medicine?" It is thought-provoking.

I must protest, however, one small point. Mr. Lear states "Beginning pay for residents runs to $10,000 and more a year." In this

Here, for the first time, is one of the most exciting detective stories in the history of medicine...



DURING the past two decades, hormone therapy has become one of the brightest hopes of medical science. It has already given us the famous birth-control "pill"—and made possible a score of weapons against heart disease, arthritis, and cancer. Tomorrow may bring a treatment for mental illness . . . ways to control human growth and aging . . . and the end of famines, plagues, poverty, and the wars that population pressures ignite.

In this book, one of America's foremost medical reporters records this whole inspiring chapter in man's attempt to control his destiny. It is a story filled with creative, daring personalities, and with the excitement of pioneering research going back nearly a century. It has never been told before.

THE HORMONE QUEST

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

$5.00, now at your bookstore

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Boston area, abounding in university-affiliated hospitals with many research grants, beginning salaries for residents are about $3,000 a year and may run as high as $4,000 after four or five years.

These men, generally between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-four, are often married, with children. It calls for very close planning to support a family on $3,000 to $4,000 a year. Certainly, in considering medical education, some remedy for this problem might be considered.

NANCY HILL.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

YOUR CRITICISM of medicine was weaker, as journalism, than you seem to think medicine is in the fulfillment of its responsibility.

Several of the implications you make demand clarification. You state that "Beginning pay for residents runs to $10,000 and more a year." To quote the *Directory of Approved Internships and Residencies*, 1964, with regard to 39,226 residencies offered for the year 1965-66, "for 5,027 programs reporting beginning salaries, the average annual starting salary was $4,037." In 1964-65 with 6,298 programs reporting, out of 37,357 which were offered, with an average of $3,684 as the beginning salary, only eleven programs offered $10,001 or more to start. Your statement was true in the strictest sense, but its implication is most depreciatory. Residents are for the most part poorly paid, long suffering, and devoted to patient care.

Criticism of your two "case histories" would only elevate them to a position to which their lonely presence does not entitle them.

There are several well-taken points in your article. More physicians are needed. The number of medical students must be increased, but the quality of U.S. medical education cannot be sacrificed.

What you have written provides circumstantial evidence that the medical fraternity cannot be governed by those who would bring to bear their extraneous disciplines of thought.

M. H. BRONSTEIN,
Editor-in-Chief,
The Quarterly,
The Chicago Medical School.

Chicago, Ill.

YOU HAVE, I am glad to see, expressed in the June 5th issue what in the patient's words is increasingly on his mind: "My doctor should consider first his patient's good and only after that his own."

The AAMC acceptance of the challenge to reform the attitude of, I believe, ninety per cent of doctors is encouraging. I doubt that mere increasing of the number of medical school graduates will do much more than so strengthen the competition as to make the present struggle for the already top average income that doctors enjoy still more avid. The increase is nonetheless necessary.

In years of experience on boards of one large medical school and two hospitals I have found two nagging frustrations: (1) The doctor is trained to work as an individual in relation to a patient who is sick. He is not trained to fit into an organization concerned with many patients and equipped for preventive effort. Yet most of his practice is now in such an organization, the hospital; (2) the individual doctor is usually a fine person and will often readily agree with the "serve society before serving self" philosophy; but meet him in an organization—the hospital staff or county medical society—and he becomes for some strange reason narrowly selfish and stubborn.

So you are right when you say "hardest to teach will be dedication and mercy." A fellow board member, president of a top-flight technical institute, said to me once: "Don't be upset that doctors on the staff lack a sense of social responsibility. I've tried to prod my faculty to feel that sense and have concluded that not over one in a hundred has it, and he got it in his genes."

We need much more of what you have contributed to this huge problem. I applaud your effort.

GEORGE D. OLDS.

Easton, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor was mistaken in reporting that resident physicians in hospitals are assigned by a computerized matching of the preferences of individual doctors against the preferences of individual hospitals. He should have said a matching system similar to the system now used to assign interns has been advocated for assignment of residents and probably will have to be adopted soon in order to stop abuses that are now widely practiced.*

Recruiting of doctors for hospital staff jobs today is not essentially different from the recruiting of players for college football teams. The hospitals start making offers as early as the junior year in medical school, when the would-be doctors are still at least two years away from completion of the internships which will decide whether they have any real competence in dealing with patients. Sometimes offers of internship are made with an attached pledge of residency in the hospital making the offer. In other cases, an intern eligible for residency will accept a position as resident in a hospital, then will receive a better paying offer from another hospital and will resign the first position in order to accept the second. By this time, the first hospital is embarrassed by the necessity of a last-minute substitution.

Now as to the salaries of residents. Nothing was said in these columns about the pay most residents receive. It was stated that starting salaries of residents run up to $10,000 a year and more. This was an understatement of the true situation. Statistics published on page 631 of the 1964 Education Number of the "Journal of the American Medical Association" (vol. 190, no. 7) show that residents (in hospitals affiliated with medical schools as well as in unaffiliated hospitals) actually receive starting salaries up to and beyond $11,500 a year. It is certainly fair to note the average pay of a doctor during this short period of his on-the-job training—insofar as it can be determined accurately. "JAMA" says "overall averages are meaningless because of various lengths of residency." Among those hospitals reporting pay figures (more than a quarter of them do not), by far the biggest group (24.5 per cent) pay $4,001 to $4,500 for the first year. Whether residency pay is adequate should be argued publicly, for the most likely source of increase is the health insurance that patients pay in expectation of better care. To have a complete picture of adequacy of income, consideration must also be given to the long period of medical practice during which the doctor is the highest paid professional in the country.

The graphs published with SR's report last month do tell stories of their own (as all

"—But Colonel—I haven't been to Europe yet!"

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graphs are intended to do), clearly related to the accompanying text when carefully read. No optimum ratio of doctors to patients was attempted in them because medical men do not agree on a reasonable figure. Anyhow, the question is rhetorical; those who have studied the problem most deeply see no possibility that America will ever in the foreseeable future have too many doctors. Another ratio is much more immediately relevant to a quick expansion of the supply of doctors. That is the ratio between teachers and students in medical schools. There is no proof by experience that medical classes could not be considerably larger than they are without adversely affecting the quality of the emerging physicians. Therefore, concerted action by medical school deans to increase enrollment could start a revolution overnight.

SR's science editor respects Dean Joseph Stokes' belief that there is no fundamental division between the American Association of Medical Colleges and the American Medical Association on the issue of social responsibility. However, members of the dean's group that is pressing for reform in American medicine do not, in private talk, disguise their unhappiness over AMA's failure to take social initiative.

Dean Stokes understandably does not share the dean's club sense of power because, as dean of a new medical school, he does not yet enjoy the privilege of voting in AAMC councils. Only the deans of established schools have votes.

Dean Stokes may be correct in arguing that unfilled internships and residencies in community hospitals are not reliable criteria for measuring the doctor shortage. But he runs counter to the argument behind the reforms proposed by the AAMC panel headed by Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall. The graph SR published on this aspect of the medical problem came from the Coggeshall report. The report was approved by the AAMC executive council on May 26, and AAMC bylaw amendments intended to put the proposed reforms into motion were being drafted as these pages went to press.

Many physicians may not approve the Coggeshall reform plan. Now is the time for them to speak out. If the long negativism of AMA has taught anything the teaching is this: To prevent changes you feel are undesirable, propose workable alternatives promptly and be prepared to argue their comparative merits in terms understandable to the ordinary citizen. One argument that everyone understands when he is sick is that the physician is there to treat the sickness wih loving care and devotion. What seems a small irritation to someone who is well can be a fearful threat to someone who is sick.

Flameout

RE: "Is Science Big Enough to Cope with Society?" [*SR*, June 5].

The atmospheric gases are probably more easily identified with a mass spectrometer. However, such an instrument certainly does not "register the characteristic colors chemical elements emit in burning." That distinction is reserved for the flame spectrometer!

C. L. CHERNICK.

River Forest, Ill.

Poetry

Continued from page 32

contemporaneity in "Moses," "Joshua's Face," and "Isaac." The last, for example, is a nightmare poem which reverses the story of Abraham's intended sacrifice of his son and blends it with the Nazi massacres of the Jews. It begins with a quiet but arresting image: "Early in the morning the sun took a walk in the forest/Together with me and with father." But it is Abraham, not Isaac, whose throat is being put to the knife: "It is I who am being slaughtered, my son!"

Nathan Alterman is another who suddenly twists the heart with a variation of an old theme. "The Foundling" is a poem that might have come out of a forgotten book of ballads. It is a first-person narrative of an abandoned child: "At the foot of the fence my mother placed me/ My face creased and still . . . And a moon was raised over us like a candle." Proceeding with the simplest vocabulary, scrupulously exact details, and the most conventional rhymes, "The Foundling" develops into one of the most unconventional ballads of our times, a fearful and literally haunting masterpiece.

Lea Goldberg presents a further if not altogether untried exploration of a reclaimed southern land as it seems to a newcomer from the North. Hers is a half-nostalgic, half-exultant utterance, alternately romantic and realistic, and always poignant. I cannot believe that a gatherer of contemporary lyrics could omit "The Tree Sings to the River" and "After Twenty Years" from his collection.

Although the range is wide and the poets are as diverse as the subjects, there is a consanguinity of response here which is not merely the effect of a resuscitated language. Moreover, the level is high; there is not an uninteresting poem in this volume of more than 200 pages. Besides the three poets already cited, I particularly admire the Rilke-like evocations of Yehuda Amihai, whose mother tongue was German; Haim Gury, whose "Odises" (Odysseus) fuses Greek and Hebraic myths; Uri Zvi Greenberg, the unequivocal nationalist, whose lines are charged with a bitterly restrained passion, a fiercely controlled violence.

Others may differ with my choices, and a personal predilection should not degenerate into a catalogue. Nevertheless, I am sure that there are at least a dozen poems here which, once read, will be hard to erase from the mind. They are not versions—or perversions—of poems reshaped and reduced through alien images and idioms, smoothed out with makeshift rhymes and arbitrary rhythms, but insights into the multiple meanings of ever-varying lines. Enriched by its sensitive prose commentaries, *The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself* is a volume of scholarly distinction and poetic intensity, a book to enlighten and enlarge and, most of all, to enjoy.

Antic Joan: If there is a gap on your shelves near Apuleius, Boccaccio, and Rabelais, here is the book to fill it. It is the same sort of thing and, for the quality of its burlesque and buffoonery, Voltaire's *The Virgin of Orleans* (Alan Swallow, $5) deserves a place beside the greatest. It belongs with these rather than with other works dealing with Joan of Arc, whether reverent or irreverent, historical, fictional, or symbolic, because —if for no other reason—Voltaire's Joan does not have a big enough part in the story. The little emphasis Voltaire places on his heroine, moreover, makes it clear that his purpose in writing is not primarily to ridicule the maid of Domrémy, whom he seems actually to have respected. His ridicule is widely distributed—to kings, noblemen, priests, writers—wherever he sees cowards, hypocrites, stuffed shirts, and blockheads. Joan fares no worse than the rest, and not really badly at all, since Voltaire's satire is more devilish than diabolic, and his *Pucelle* is chiefly a fun piece.

So he makes of Joan of Arc just a hefty ex-barmaid who pops in and out of the twenty-one cantos mounted on her winged donkey and brandishing her lance. "She is a virgin," Friar Lourdis bawls out; and, trembling before such a miracle of nature, the English recoil. Her maidenhead, the source of her strength and the gage of her invulnerability, is Voltaire's pretext for a number of comical episodes in which she comes close to losing it.

The long, episodic narration emphasizes the adventures of Agnes Sorel, Dorothy, and Judith, lasses who live more for love than for fatherland, but whose lot is no easier thereby. Constantly tumbled out of their beds of roses, they must follow Joan when their lovers heed the call to duty. Agnes, forsaken by Charles, is shoved into beds much less to her liking; Dorothy is almost burned at the stake while La Trimouille is away and is then carried off by robbers, along with the proud English beauty Judith de Rosamore. There are moments of bucolic dalliance, but life for both heroines and heroes is more characteristically a succession of slapstick brawls and misadventures.

It is said that Voltaire's favorite pastime was adding cantos to his epic, and that kings and prelates spurred him on.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 5, 9, 6, 7, 2, 4, 3, 11, 1, 10, 12.

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Two of his choicest depict a duel fought naked by two doughty knights while robbers make off with their clothes and their lady-loves, and the sack of a convent by the English and the rape of the squealing little nuns. All this fuss is echoed in heaven, where St. Denis, usually riding about on a sunbeam to help out the French, cuts off St. George's nose but loses an ear in the fray.

Voltaire's long poem is not too badly served by Howard Nelson's prose translation. There are a few misprints and occasional renderings that seem strange. To scholars of Voltaire the preface may seem a little too brisk. But the translator and publisher are to be commended for having set before us a work that was one of the delicious scandals of the eighteenth century. —Laurent LeSage.

Epileptic Genius: Described on the jacket as a "novel of the fury of genius," *Boy Gravely,* by Iris Dornfeld (Knopf, $4.95), could just as easily have been called a novel about the psychopathology of a grandmother-grandson relationship, or a novel about the nuts in Los Angeles.

Too bad, because Miss Dornfeld writes well, evokes convincingly the singlemindedness of genius, and obviously knows a great deal about music. Boy's early obsession with sounds, his Dickensian boyhood surrounded by whores, pickpockets, and filth, capture the reader's sympathy and interest immediately. But when Boy leaves home and hits the road for New Orleans, Chicago, New York, and Europe, the author seems to leave him too, and is content with summarizing his experiences.

Boy is possibly epileptic, with fascinating powers of concentration and occasional fits. He reacts to most of life like a sleepwalker, and there is a somnambulistic quality about the prose style of the novel. An almost totally withdrawn character like Boy makes the novelist's task extremely difficult. It is only when he is thinking about his music, or when he has fleeting spurts of connection with other human beings, that the book becomes viable.

Sensing this, perhaps, Miss Dornfeld has propped up the story of Boy with something close to a suspense thriller. Miss Dornfeld constantly cuts back to Boy's grandmother, a fortune-telling fraud and a blackmailer; his mad grammar-school teacher, who eventually commits suicide; his mother, a nymphomaniac who likes to play naked leapfrog with male partners in the backyard, and a film director whose dirt phobia forces him to wear white gloves day and night. An intriguing gallery of characters, these people are cleverly intertwined for the purposes of the plot, but they are hardly integral to the fury of genius.
—Eleanor Perry.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art, Architecture

Oriental Architecture in Color. By Werner Speiser. Viking. $22.50.

World Architecture II. By John Donat. Viking. $15.

Business

The Rational Manager: A Systematic Approach to Problem Solving and Decision Making. By Charles Kepner. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

I Met Murder on the Way. By Margaret Echard. Doubleday. $3.95.

The Third Side of the Coin. By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

Understrike. By John Gardner. Viking. $3.95.

Current Affairs

The Anguish of India. By Ronald Segal. Stein & Day. $6.50.

The British General Elections. By David Butler and Anthony King. St. Martin's. $9.

The Cold War: A Book of Documents. Edited by H. L. Trefousse. Putnam. $6.50.

Four Ways of Politics: State and Nation in Italy, Somalia, Israel, Iran. By E. A. Bayne. American Universities Field Staff. $7.50.

The Ugly Russian. By Victor Lasky. Trident. $4.95.

Fiction

The Desert of the Heart. By Jane Rule. World. $4.95.

The Fencing Master. By Gilbert Rogin. Random House. $4.95.

The Rabbi. By Noah Gordon. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

History

At Belleau Wood. By Robert Asprey. Putnam. $6.50.

The Great Departure: The United States and World War I, 1914-1920. By Daniel Smith. John Wiley. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

How They Became President. By Rexford Tugwell. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

U. N.: The First Twenty Years. By Clark M. Eichelberger. Harper & Row. $3.50.

Miscellany

The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby. By Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.50.

Family Fun Outdoors. By Russell P. MacFall. Crowell. $4.95.

Good Housekeeping's Book of Today's Etiquette. By Louise Raymond with Good Housekeeping Institute. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Insects from Close Up. By Harry F. Brevoort and Eleanor I. Fanning. Crowell. $6.95.

A Spaniard in the Works. By John Lennon. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Music

Contemporary European Music. Edited by Paul Henry Lang and Nathan Broder. Norton. $6.95.

Personal History

Intern. By Dr. X. Harper & Row. $4.95.

The Lonely Empress. By Joan Haslip. World. $8.50.

Memoirs of an Amnesiac. By Oscar Levant. Putnam. $5.95.

Pauline: Napoleon's Favorite Sister. By Sir Pierson Dixon. McKay. $5.95.

Spots of Time. By Basil Willey. Norton. $5.95.

Tennessee Williams and Friends. By Gilbert Maxwell. World. $5.95.

Poetry

Poems That Live Forever. Selected by Hazel Felleman. Doubleday. $4.95.

Psychology

New Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis. By Sigmund Freud. Norton. $4.50.

Reference

The Oxford Regional Economic Atlas of Africa. Prepared by P. H. Ady and the Cartographic Department of The Clarendon Press, with the assistance of A. H. Hazlewood. Oxford Univ. Press. $15.

Religion

The Dead Sea Scrolls. By Cecil Roth. Norton. $4.50.

Introduction to the History of the Christian Church. By Wilfred W. Biggs. St. Martin's. $4.95.

Science

Of Time and Space and Other Things. By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday. $4.50.

Sociology

Adopting a Child Today. By Rael Jean Isaac. Harper & Row. $4.95.

The Better Half. By Andrew Sinclair. Harper & Row. $5.95.

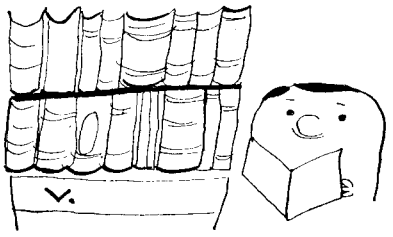
Travel

Crossroads to Israel. By Christopher Sykes. World. $7.95.

Delhi, Agra, Fathepur Sikri. By Martin Hurlimann. Viking. $8.95.

Touring the Gardens of Europe. By Dorothy McFadden. McKay. $5.95.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.



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Responsibility

Continued from page 14

in the Dominican Republic, it is a most incomplete assessment to say that it all comes from Communist agitation. And it is a most incomplete assessment to say only that those people are not attracted by the extremists. They are attracted by hope, and one must consider the full list of what one believes to be their aspiration, as the President did in his speech at Baylor University on May 28. One must arrange one's thinking and conduct one's affairs so as not to give in to the temptation of simplistic analysis.

In that sense, I believe we have learned much over a quarter of a century. If we look back to the debates of 1945 and 1946 and 1947, we can remember that honorable men, men of high ideals, found it hard to believe that the Cold War was a reality created by the behavior of Stalinist Russia. And, on the other hand, those who saw that reality found it hard to believe how much more than a simple anti-Communism would be asked of the United States if it was to meet the responsibilities of its power and purpose. The problem, now as then, is to connect our perception of reality with the three enduring aspects of our conviction, commitment, and responsibility—our inescapable power, our persistent purpose of peace, and our acceptance of the obligation to conduct ourselves in ways that serve the interests of other men as well as ourselves. And whether the accents and actions of an Administration are those of Hyde Park, or of Independence, or of Abilene and the Army, or of Hyannis and Harvard—or the complex and wonderful set of actions and accents which I have the honor to serve today—they flow in a single stream.

So the answer I would give to my friend MacLeish is that we must expect to have differences about particular decisions and particular problems. But we can, I think, join in two propositions: first, that there is continuity and steadiness in the underlying policy of the United States; and, second, that perhaps we learn as we go along.

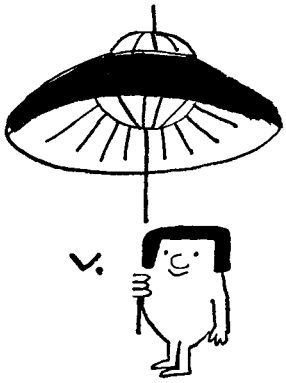
Movies

Continued from page 19

a quizzical dwarf, who manages to view his shipmates with both detachment and compassion. Glocken frames the film, inviting us aboard at the outset, and suggesting at the end that the foolish hopes and groundless allegiances of his fellow passengers might indeed be shared by all of us.

These characters—and others—Kramer keeps in motion with the skill and precision of a master juggler, forever revealing new facets, forever providing new insights. But as scene after scene bites itself into our sensibilities, the realization grows that Kramer is far more than a master juggler. Like all good film makers, he knows what *not* to show—such as a pet dog tossed overboard by prankish children, or a scene in which Mrs. Treadwell reveals to the ship's captain that Freytag has a Jewish wife; their full effectiveness, he has obviously grasped, lies not in themselves but in the reactions they produce in others. One of the picture's finest scenes, in fact, is that in which Freytag, as the result of Mrs. Treadwell's gossiping, is shunted off in the dining saloon to a small side table occupied by the Jew and the dwarf. Another is a beautifully wrought drinking scene involving the burly ball player and the dwarf. Kramer's timing in it is so perfect that one wonders if any other director would have dared it, much less brought it off.

But the final test for any director of a picture that deals so largely in human values is the over-all effectiveness of his



cast. One might expect, looking down the roster of international stars, that some performances might be outstanding. The fact is that all of them are, including relatively small roles by José Greco, Gita Golan, Lilia Skala, and Barbara Luna. But Vivien Leigh dancing in the ship's corridor to the remembered strains of a Charleston, Lee Marvin lamenting his inability to hit an outside curve ball, Michael Dunn's sophisticated dinner conversations with Heinz Ruehmann, and Oskar Werner's scenes with Signoret—these stick in the heart as well as the mind. They show us humanity with all its defenses down, when it is most vulnerable, most appealing, and most human. In this respect *Ship of Fools* is reminiscent of European pictures. Its accent is on people, not on plot. Its allegiance to the American screen is rather in the *number* of people—and stars—involved. Happily, in numbers there is strength.

—Arthur Knight.

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GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

WALKER'S WRINKLE, Brooklin, Maine. View Herrick's Bay. Rooms, Home Cooking.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others. Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

MANHATTAN SPECIAL VACATION WEEK—Theaters, Hotel, World's Fair, Sightseeing, etc., $85. Write SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

IN A RUT? Loafer's paradise! No honeymooners, teenagers. Mile to Pocono Playhouse. Pool, lake, lounge, dining room. WOODSIDE, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SEPTEMBER IN COLORADO. Sparkling Indian summer days, golden hillsides, snow-crowned peaks. Can you come? Snowmass Lodge Guest Ranch, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack-trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

THE YODLER—Rooms, efficiencies, heated pool, chalets, relaxation. Stowe, Vermont.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." Through September 4th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Sabael, N.Y.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Quiet. Casual. Trout streams, filtered pool, private baths. American Plan. Air-conditioned bus connections. Brochure.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HERITAGE HILL. Holland R.F.D., Southbridge, Massachusetts. Discover the quiet charm of our hidden-in-the-hills little Inn. Brochure.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

ONLY THE HOSPITALITY is old fashioned. Private pool, free golf, located in the White Mountains. Bountiful Yankee meals. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

PLACE TO UNWIND: Read, stroll, plunder garden, contemplate hills. Box 84, Oneida, New York.

VACATIONS

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. 603-447-2818.

ONE STAMP! Brings folders and information from many off-the-beaten-path country inns offering good food, lodging, restful informal country living. Write: Country Inns, West Townshend, Vermont.

MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM (for young adventurers, 4 to 12). While your parents golf, swim, sun and relax at luxurious Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C., go adventuring with our Youth Activities Director. Attend crabbing parties, cookouts on the beach, hikes along nature trails, exploring plantation ruins. Learn a new craft or swim stroke. Family Vacation Plan includes free day-long supervision for children, 6 days, 5 nights, double room on ocean, breakfasts and dinners, 2 adults, $132 plus minimum charge for children. Write The Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C., for brochure and rates. Or call 803-785-3372.

CHARMING, RESTFUL INN tucked among trees on beautiful grounds. Breakfast served. 72 ft. long swimming pool. Folders. Garden Gables, Lenox, Massachusetts.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

AUTUMN SEMESTER IN SWITZERLAND for USA high school students. Eleven-week study program in Switzerland with three-week tour of European capitals. September through December, 1965. High school students and recent graduates may apply for 14-week program. Enrollment limited. For more information write Semesters Abroad, Dept. S., Foreign Language League Schools, Inc., P.O. Box 1920, Salt Lake City, Utah.

TRAVEL

GOING TO EUROPE? Don't go without Michelin Guides and maps! Red guides of countries tell at a glance quality, comfort, service, cuisine ratings of hotels and restaurants with prices. Green guides for specific areas describe all points of interest. Send for free folder. Michelin, P.O. Box 217C, Woodside 77, N.Y.

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

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YACHT CRUISING. Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands and French Inland Waterways. For further information airmail: The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

U-PLAN-IT—Unique folders for independent travelers to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Aruba—Jamaica—Nassau—Mexico—and Miami Beach. Includes hotel and sightseeing descriptions and rates, restaurants, night life and car rental information. Guaranteed air and hotel reservations. Contact Gramercy Tours, Dept. SR, 444 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022 or your travel agent.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1630

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Followed by WORD B, opening words of one of the most widely known old songs about a man and his dog (2 wds.)

B. See WORD A (2 wds.)

C. One of two brothers who led the Jutes invading England in 4th cent.

D. Essential part of internal-combustion engine insuring uniform pressure at all points on the cylinder wall of a certain part (2 wds.)

E. Street in London on which the Stock Exchange is located.

F. Marked with spots of different colors.

G. Title of John Dryden's story of Antony and Cleopatra in verse, 1678 (3 wds.)

H. What many a hypochondriac answers anyone rash enough to ask how he's feeling (2 wds.)

I. A powerful technique formerly sometimes resorted to in bitter labor disputes.

J. State of being all-comprehensive.

K. Formal phrase used esp. by the Victorian lady who did not wish to receive visitors (3 wds.)

L. An Anglo-Saxon vassal who held land by service or rent.

M. Hurt in feeling.

WORDS

45 158 85 205 95 120 199

68 105 57 121 17 147 194 175

36 196 153 180 2 94 157

156 179 98 32 88 39 159 69 3

176 73 138 28 150 130 116 193 5 46 186

136 178 72 122 1 97 161

170 74 61 52 19 177 48 137 195 11

144 62 65 125 198 10 139 54

109 169 53 127 208 135 81 189

23 56 172 87 89 35 108

79 163 190 181 20 82 102 107 132

64 141 124 154 29 187

93 38 119 110 182 49 60 118

DEFINITIONS

N. Place where one may stand.

O. Child's name for a see-saw, not accurately descriptive (comp.)

P. Overbearing.

Q. Unfailingly fresh and interesting (comp).

R. Great temple to Zeus at Athens, on the plain SE of the Acropolis.

S. Devoted wife in Greek legend who went to lengths in order to keep her word to consider no suitor, though her husband was considered dead, till she had completed a piece of needlework.

T. Pertaining to ancient Dorian magistrates.

U. Eighteenth-cent. Persian king who sacked Delhi, carrying off the Kohinoor and the Peacock Throne (2 wds.)

V. Surname, British illustrator, esp. famous for children's classics, such as Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, *Pied Piper*, *Peer Gynt*.

W. Opening of relatively small size, serving as the mouth of something.

X. Renouncing.

Y. Command to the armed gangster used by impersonators of Jimmie Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, and others (3 wds., often following something like "O.K., Louis!").

WORDS

101 117 152 42 4 92 34 143

192 25 188 173 83 66 14 206 104 18 55

47

31 171 115 91 96 15 63 151 41 183

22 86 51 103 160 203 155

166 111 37 114 70 129 100 191 162 140

131 75 149 44 197 201 168 7

40 202 128 67 84 126 184

204 207 12 78 27 174 21 71 59

164 76 99 16 6 113 167

185 133 106 112 148 90 200

33 50 77 13 165 8 26 146

30 9 145 24 58 43 142 80 123 134

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 F	2 C	3 D	4 N	5 E	_	6 V	7 S	8 X	9 Y	10 H	11 G	12 U		13 X	
14 O	15 P	16 V	17 B		18 O	19 G		20 K	21 U	22 Q		23 J	24 Y	25 O	26 X	
27 U	28 E	29 L	30 Y		31 P	32 D	33 X	34 N	35 J	36 C	37 R		38 M	39 D	40 T	41 P
	42 N	43 Y	44 S		45 A	46 E	47 O	48 G	49 M		50 X	51 Q	52 G	53 I	54 H	55 O
	56 J	57 B		58 Y	59 U	60 M		61 G	62 H	63 P	64 L		65 H	66 O	67 T	68 B
69 D		70 R	71 U	72 F	73 E		74 G	75 S	76 V	77 X	78 U	79 K	80 Y		81 I	82 K
83 O	84 T	85 A	86 Q	87 J	88 D		89 J		90 W	91 P	92 N	93 M	94 C	95 A		96 P
97 F	98 D	99 V	100 R	101 N	102 K	103 Q	104 O	105 B		106 W		107 K	108 J	109 I	110 M	111 R
112 W		113 V	114 R		115 P	116 E	117 N	118 M		119 M	120 A	121 B	122 F	123 Y	124 L	125 H
	126 T		127 I	128 T	129 R	130 E	131 S	132 K	133 W		134 Y	135 I		136 F	137 G	138 E
139 H		140 R	141 L	142 Y	143 N		144 H	145 Y	146 X	147 B	148 W	149 S	150 E		151 P	152 N
153 C	154 L		155 Q	156 D	157 C	158 A		159 D	160 Q	161 F	162 R	163 K	164 V		165 X	166 R
167 V	168 S	169 I	170 G	171 P	172 J	173 O	174 U		175 B	176 E	177 G	178 F	179 D	180 C		181 K
182 M	183 P		184 T	185 W	186 E	187 L	188 O	189 I	190 K		191 R		192 O	193 E	194 B	195 G
196 C	197 S		198 H	199 A	200 W		201 S	202 T	203 Q	204 U		205 A	206 O	207 U	208 I	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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In 1769, Alexander Gordon gave the English another exhilarating activity to enjoy on the ice.

What a good skate Mr. Gordon was. Gave 18th century England its favourite indoor ice sport. Brilliantly smooth, briskly dry Gordon's. Uniquely refreshing on summer dog days. One reason the English have been so devoted to it for 196 years. It's still biggest seller there. As it is throughout America. And all the rest of the grateful world. Next time the dead heat of summer has you in the doldrums, take a tip from the cool-headed English. Since you can't take an exhilarating spin on the ice, take a spot of Gordon's on it.

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